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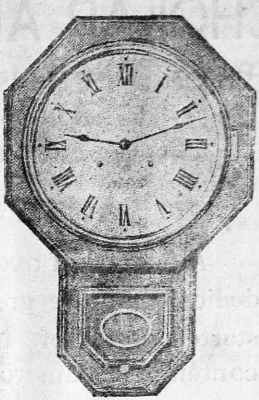

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The SCHOLAR

VOL. VIII | SEPTEMBER 1933 | NO. 12

Untouchable Hindu Saints.

By Swami Sundarananda.

IN the Hindu Scriptures one can find that many distinguished sages of ancient India could not trace their origin to any decent environment, but it was their qualities (*guna*) and actions (*karma*), in a word, character which placed them on the lofty vantage ground of Hindu Society and lifted them up to the rank of highly venerated Rishis. In days of yore, a dangerous outlaw like Ratnakara could be turned into a Valmiki Rishi, the celebrated author of the Great epic *Ramayana*, and a meat-seller, Tuladhar, might become the spiritual guide of Jajali Rishi. Veda Vyas, the famous compiler of the Vedic lore and the author of the great epic *Maha Bharatha* and the eighteen puranas was the son of a fisherman's daughter, and Vasistha, though he came of a divine prostitute named Urbashi, was a highly respected Rishi of his age. *Vyadh Gita* was the production of a seer who was by profession no other than a butcher. We read in the *Chandogyopanishad* that Javala, who is better known by the name of Satyakama, though born of an unknown father, was the founder of a renowned school of Yajurveda. In *Aitraiya Brahman* it is said that Kavasha Alusha, a low-born Sudra, was promoted to the high rank of a Rishi for his high spiritual attainments. It is distinctly stated in *Hari Vamsa* that Navag and a son of Arista, though of low birth, were admitted into the Brahmin class. Guhaka of Chunnar, a Chandala by caste, enjoyed the hearty friendship of Sri Ramachandra, one of the Hindu Avatars or Divine incarnations, and Vidura, the son of a slave girl, was highly

respected by Shri Krishna, an outstanding figure of the Hindu pantheon. Innumerable instances may be multiplied to vindicate that in the glorious period of Hinduism many a low class man by virtuous deeds and spiritual light became illumined Rishis. Valmiki, Vasistha, Vedavyas, Sri Ramachandra and Sri Krishna, who have won for them a prominent place in the hearts of all Hindus, clearly preached against the present-day untouchability and their foot-prints had been followed by all the notable reformers. Bhagavan Buddha, the greatest reformer the world has ever seen, illustrious as a divine deliverer of the fallen, the lowly, the down-trodden, and the depressed, preached in thundering tones that "Non-hatred is the supreme religion". Sri Ramanuja, the great prophet of Bhakti, stood vehemently against, "Dont-touchism," the worst canker of modern Hinduism. According to Vaishnavism, as taught by him, as soon as a man becomes a Vaishnava, he is bound to throw overboard all kinds of 'caste and touch' questions. But alas! now-a-days

> Their sanctity more or less
> On what they eat and how they cook,
> With frail caste, hollow holiness,
> Those demi-gods droll to look.

The present-day Vaishnavas are so only in name; they are not sufficiently strong-minded to carry out in practice the sublime teachings of their great Teachers. On the other hand, if all these God-men and Rishis are regarded as levellers of all social inequalities, we are at a loss to find out sufficient grounds to support untouchability in Hinduism. The depressed classes have long been shut out of religion. They are not allowed to enter into temples and worship the God or practise devotions in them. If any untouchable with a religious bent of mind wants to evoke God's grace by ecstatic prayers whole-heartedly, our so-called superior classes laugh at him taking this act for foolish madness on his part. Not only this, but he is also shamed, rebuked, insulted, and if possible driven away as a wretch deserving to worship only stones and devils. There, in the midst of these unmerited persecutions and awful degradations, were born in different parts of India many reformers of a very high order. Some of them were prominent disciples of the God-men, and some independent reformers of rare calibre are still held in high reverence throughout the length and breadth of the country. And it is exceedingly interesting to know that our caste-Hindus of the so-called superior classes, not excluding our deified Brahmins, consider themselves lucky to seek salvation at the lotus feet of those base-born untouchable Saints of India.

Hinduism witnessed many great revival-movements started by the Saints and God-men of the much-despised untouchable

classes whose lives and teachings are embellished with many legends and miracles. The celebrated reformer Ramanuja, the great founder of the Ramayet sect, having been outcasted for breaking the rigid law of 'caste and touch,' in the course of his pilgrimage founded a sect of his own in a spirit of protest against the upper classes, which spread far and wide in the medieval age in different parts of India. Ruhi Das, *alias* Ravi Das in Oudh and Kabir Das in the Central Provinces, are very prominent among his twelve favourite chief disciples whose sacred names have become household words in their respective provinces. We find in *Vaktamala*, a holy scripture of the Vaishnavas, that Ruhi Das was born of a cobbler class and his caste trade was to deal in hide and leather. The great Chamar devotee used to constantly chant Vishnu's name in rapture while tanning the hide. The legendary anecdote about his devout career, as narrated by an authority, tells us that he rose to the very highly honoured position of a spiritual guide from his lowest position struggling through poverty, persecution and tyranny and initiated hundreds and thousands into his new faith. Kabir Das, who came from a weaver class, boldly preached monotheism to the Hindus and the Mohamedans alike, denouncing all images, and successfully built a vast religious sect of his own in the Central Provinces. Imbued with the liberal teachings of Ramanujacharya and Madhavacharya and inspired by the mythology of *Srimat Bhagavat* and on the ground secretly prepared by Joy Deva, Chandidas, and Vidyapati of great fame, there arose in Bengal Sri Chaitanya, the Prophet of Love, to remove untouchability by preaching the doctrine of Bhakti to all. The writers of Vaishnava Hagiology testify that Hari Das, who is best known by the name of Javana Hari Das, though belonging to an untouchable class, was a most pious and devout Bhakta among the favourite followers of Sri Chaitanya, whose sacred name is still sung with the warmth of tearful devotion by the devotees of Nadia. Thus Krishna Das, Dadu, Tulsi Das, Shadna Charan Das, Balaram Hari, Nanda, Chokamela, Kesha Pagla, Hari Thakur, and other untouchable Saints too numerous to mention founded many well-organised and influential religious schools in their respective provinces throughout India.

"They were scorned, insulted and driven away from homes and temples. But the Saints flinched not. Through persecution, scorn and infamy they stuck to their faith and followed the light that shone in their souls. Nor did they bear any ill-will towards those that persecuted them. The meekness, the devotion and the perfect saintliness of them is indeed memorable for all times * * * While Buddha and Sankara roll on like mighty rivers, these little streams too shall flow not unnoticed. The

weary travellers or peasants may often turn to them and refresh themselves in their pure water."

The mighty movements started by Raja Ram Mohan Roy of the Brahma Samaj, Dayananda Saraswathi of the Arya Samaj, and Sri Ramakrishna Vivekananda of the modern Hindu Samaj, and the other epoch-making religious reformers throughout India are strongly protesting *en masse* against the untouchability existing in modern Hindu Society and are urging the necessity of justice and righteousness in removing immediately all disadvantages imposed upon the depressed classes. Swami Vivekananda emphatically declared: "A religion which does not feel for the miseries of the poor, which does not uplift man, forfeits the name of religion. Our religion has degenerated into a creed of the touchable and the untouchable. Oh, my God, the country whose best intellects have for the last two thousand years busied themselves as to the propriety of taking up the foods with the right hand or the left, that country only courts and deserves downfall."

The supporters of the so-called *Varnasram* orthodoxy seek to maintain their supremacy by adducing arguments in support of their autocratical notions towards the untouchables which will not bear the test of reason. They fail to understand the fallacy of their faith and the naked truth that the mighty forces of the Reformation in this twentieth century are certain to equalise all the undue differences between the mass and the class.

Modern Hinduism is rightly said to be the religion of the stomach. A Christian missionary sarcastically remarked: "Other religions may be seated in the mind and soul; but the stronghold of Hinduism is the stomach." Indeed, it is no use concealing the truth that the stomach has really become the seat of your present-day Hinduism. Whither are we Hindus drifting? Pray let us ponder on the crisis in our modern society which is now driving on in a devil-may-care-way, laying aside the teachings of our *shastras* ! Now-a-days the Hindus are neither following Veda Vedanta, nor Smriti Puranas, nor the foot-prints of our venerable Rishis. Almost all the great men of the past, and almost all the living great men have been preaching against this undelible blot on Hinduism. Mahatma Gandhi, the greatest living man of the world, twice staked his life by undertaking fasts to do away with this vicious stain which for centuries have been a powerful mischief-maker and the worst stumbling block to the unity and progress of the Hindu race. If the epic fast of the Mahatma, his wonderful self-sacrifice and self-immolation do not stir us to some radical action, 'woe unto us!' The honour and glory of a race can only be upheld when the people are welded together into a

homogeneous nation by strong ties of love and fraternity. Those who hold that the religious achievement of a person lies not in his practice of love as all World Teachers literally did but in slavishly undergoing certain formalities of caste and creed having a background of hatred, highly deserve the approbrious epithet of lunatics. In the interest of Hindu religion itself, it ought to be clear to its adherants that the retention of the existing prohibition against 'caste and touch' questions must necessarily drive a considerable section of the so-called low class Hindus to despair and consequent social disruption. So the sooner this "Sin against religion and humanity," in the words of Mahatma Gandhi, is destroyed the better for the religious, social and political salvation of the Hindus, nay of India. Swami Vivekananda, in his prophetic insight into the future, declared in 1896: "Fifty years afterwards there should not be even a single untouchable in India." We sincerely hope and pray that the prediction of the great patriot-saint of modern India will be fulfilled.

'Prem Bhiksha' (Alms of Love).*

By V. R. M.

An evening in the rainy season. In front of a lonely cottage beside Jumna sits Radha *pensive.*

Radha: (*To herself*). Dim appears the sky as the eyes of a love-lorn lass. The evening sunshine lends colour to this strip of a blue cloud, as doth hope and desire to my cheeks. To conceal the rising tide of emotion, eddying Jumna vainly tries to smile in silver foams. My heart is tremulous with hope as the white jasmine in the wandering breeze. (*Sighing heavily*).

My heart is restless. Ah! Could I but forget that blue image even for a while! To milk the cow and to churn the curd, langourous limbs permit not. Always sighing heavily! That dark dear image is all that I see, pervading through and through. In the azure sky dawns that beauteous vision. On the shimmering breast of dark Jumna appears the same enchanting form. Fugitive lightning reminds me of that wistful smile. When leaves rustle, I hear His melodious foot-steps. That world-bewitching lilt of the lute thrills through the *Keechaka* grove. In quest of that beloved blue-moon, my heart is leaping out. In every drop of my blood, memory of the Lord unfolds myriad flowers of emotion. Under its heavy perfume, my heart bursts out in ecstasy and restlessness. (*Sings*).

That smiling face to me is the streak of a blue cloud, beautiful in the moonlight. Else, why doth the *Kadamba* twig of my body bloom into buds of rapturous thrills!

The rythmic flow of Madhava's flute might be delicious wine. Only a few drops my ears tasted; yet it falters my feet. Had I been a dewdrop! Ah, how gladly would I then bear His tread on my throbbing breast and smile as I die in eternal contentment!

That cynosure of the eye, perfect form of manly grace, that noble Lord who sits on the granite seat beside rippling Jumna, with folded right leg resting on the dangling left, waving His head as to make the peacock-plume dance above, while playing on the flute, would that He had come even by losing His wonted way!

(*The lilt of a lute. A young mendicant appears approaching the cottage*).

Mendicant: Alms, mistress, alms!

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* Rendered from a beautiful one-act play in Malayalam by Mr. G. Sankara Kurup. With the kind permission of the author—*V. R. M.*

Radha: (*To herself*) Eh! Why is it? By the presence of this young mendicant, hope returns to my mind and with it peace too! His refreshing smile revives my withered life. The music of this traveller dips my youth in a pool of ambrosia. The burning life having bathed in these blue eyes, my limbs stiffen and thrill, with exquisite emotion. Ah! How am I to hide the change?

Mendicant: Day has disappeared from the west bearing its dust-laden bowl of alms. Alms, mistress, alms!

Radha: (*To herself*). I long to invite him to be seated. But desire only flutters in the heart. It spreads not the wings of sound; the bars of shyness do not move! (*Aloud*).

Youthful mendicant, please be seated. What am I to give you? I have not milked the cow yet. There is nothing in the house that I can offer.

Mendicant: Then after a song I shall go the way I came. There are dwellings of *Gopees*, who are more kind and generous.

(*Plays on the flute*).

I am a mere mendicant, maiden. From house to house I go a-wandering to receive anything true affection may offer. Some would scorn and some would feign deaf while I knock at their door. Let the Proud and the Wealthy pour their riches and pride into my bowl; I would not be contented.

Rice or money is not what I ask for. It is love. Have they not that to offer, disappointed I depart. One single curl from these flowing tresses is enough. I would be contented. Never let Radha forget Madhava. The song is over and I go.

(*The young mendicant, Radha recognizes to be her cherished Lord, Krishna. She stoops to raise the dust of His lotus feet to her head. As she does so, her heart flutters and her face flushes.*)

Radha: What foolishness is mine! Deeply as I love, verily have I failed to recognise you! At this lovely feet, I dedicate the drooping flower of my life—blossomed in anguish, swaying in hope, fragrant with love. Unworthy though I be to adorn your plume, or to be kissed by those coral lips, unlovely though I be to be treasured in your bosom, benevolent Lord, with this dear arms fondle me if it were only for once. Cherish the memory of this frail flower which has fallen in this, your bowl of alms. Happy to touch those cherry lips ever and anon, this little reed's life is the life I do envy. (*After the first dalliance of love*).

Mendicant: Blessed are my lips!; Ah, blessed are my arms!

(*Sings.*)

The autumn-night with the silvery moonlight,
The sylvan jasmine with the mellow perfume,
The vibrant *Veena* with its sweet melody,
Radha's life with its celestial love,
All are rendered beautiful beyond word.

Ah! Had my life been a rose! Fugitive though its life be, how gladly would I adorn these raven locks! how gladly would I wake you even in dream with my thrilling perfume! (*Sighing*).

Permit this love-mendicant to go, dear!

Radha: To receive my humble love-offerings, benign Lord, would you pass this way every evening? Only that much I implore. Alas! Having shed myself in this blessed bowl of alms, in these bliss-bestrewing arms, life to me has become lighter and ever-beautiful.

Love is Life ; Love is beauty.

The Educational Approach to National Unity.

By M. Vasudeva Menon, M.A., L.T.

WE are very proud that ours is an age of reason, that we have bid good-bye for ever to superstition and blind belief; that truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is the ideal we cherish; and that we are trying to bring up our young in her genial sunshine. Yet, if we think awhile, it will not be difficult to convince ourselves that the reign of reason over us – if at all real – is only partially so; that we dare not turn its powerful search-light towards many a nook and corner of our social and religious life, lest innumerable unsightly things should see the light of day. Alas! is it not a pity that even in this rational age, we dare not exploit the possibilities of reason to the full?

No doubt, in ancient India, our philosophers and spiritual men were allowed the greatest freedom of thought; and through centuries of meditation on the mystery of existence, they evolved the most wonderful system of philosophical religion the world has ever seen. But time passed on, hordes after hordes of foreign conquerors, Scythian and Mongol, Tartar and Turk, surged through the passes in the north-west and deluged our country with bloodshed; and in the conflict of arms and the confusion of ideals and civilisations that followed, the religion of the country became deeply encrusted with superstition. The appearance of Muhamedanism and Christianity on the scene complicated matters; for, as these are revealed religions turning on the personality of single individuals, however great they may be, they could have very little sympathy towards each other or with other religions.

The results may better be imagined than described. With an area equal in extent to that of the whole of Europe except Russia, a climate ranging from the tropical heat of the Carnatic plains to the Arctic cold of the Himalayas, an immense starving population descended from almost all the races of the earth, a low literacy level, with the conflict of religions, of ideas and ideals, of castes and sub-castes, and with, on top of all this, a foreign bureaucracy riding rough-shod over a pacific population, it is no wonder that this vast sub-continent breeds appallingly complex political, social and religious problems, which defy solution. How to evolve harmony out of all this disharmony, order out of chaos, unity out of disunity? This is the problem, a correct solution of which is necessary in order to remedy the diverse

ills affecting the country; but this also, unfortunately, has been the rock on which the statesmanship of her politicians has again and again come to grief. Seeing that the widest cleavages, the sharpest antagonisms are due to differences in religion, if something can be done to promote real understanding between the votaries of different faiths, the problem will be well on the way to a solution.

With the inception of the Renaissance Movement in Europe, and the consequent development of modern science, superstition and blind belief in authority received their death-blow; but their ghosts are still at large haunting man in the sphere of his religious activities and breeding bigotry, sectarianism and fanaticism. The people of renascent Europe devoted their whole attention towards observing, classifying and explaining the phenomena of nature, with the result that a wonderful development of science, both in its theoretical and practical aspects, took place; but then they dared not, and now, for fear of its proving barren, they care not, to extend their activities into the field of revealed religion.

The immediate effect of this movement was far from being salutary, for, the unsettlement of men's minds engendered by it was followed by a period of fierce wars and persecutions in the name of religion. But the disease in itself contained the remedy. What the initial stages of the movement brought about, its full development took away. Increase in literacy, the spread of scientific education, and the consequent widening of the mental horizon of the people, their practical common sense, a common culture and the exigencies of political life—all rounded the corners that produced friction, and promoted harmony. A case in point is that of the United States of America: in spite of racial, linguistic and religious differences, the people there manage to get on wonderfully well, for they do not allow their private differences in temperament and outlook to produce political disharmony.

But, unfortunately, we in India are centuries behind America not only from the point of view of literacy, but also socially, economically and politically. Political evolution, we may be sure, will certainly do for India what it has done for America and other advanced countries of the Western world, but the process is bound to be long and tedious. Shall we wait for a long and indefinite period in expectation of this change? On the other hand, will it not be better for us to take advantage of the lesson the Western countries have to teach us and thus quicken the process of evolution? Certainly, we too will have to advance along the line chalked out to us by other countries, viz., the general diffusion of education, training people to think for themselves, and teaching them to surrender, when necessary, their

individual opinions, ideals and beliefs for the common good of our Motherland.

It remains to be considered whether anything more can be done to accelerate the movement towards national unity. Evidently, the most significant fact in the present day politics of our Motherland is the diversity of religions professed by the people and their consequent estrangement from one another; and, if it were possible to do something to put an end to this misunderstanding and promote greater sympathy among them, it will be a service which our Motherland will not willingly forget. Here is the opportunity for the school-master: for, training his pupils to think in terms of truth and not as followers of this religion or that religion, he can make them rise above the barriers of race, language and religion and think in terms of the whole nation. Thus the rising generation may be definitely influenced for the better. Often reviled and held in contempt, occasionally subjected to indignities, underpaid, and considered a parasite on society, the school master has yet done his share in bringing about the present national awakening which nobody can justly deny. In the past he has done well, in the future he should do even better. He has to take upon himself the task, difficult though it be, of instilling into the minds of his pupils the grand idea that truth is greater than all religions, that the different religions only represent the different attempts of the human mind to grasp truth through varying circumstances and tendencies; and that in the pursuit of truth, if need be, they should be prepared to sacrifice some of their most cherished ideas and beliefs. Religion and philosophy should be looked upon as the logical development and completion of science; for both deal with reality; science with its material and sensuous aspect, religion with its philosophical, supersensuous and spiritual aspects; and as different aspects of the same reality, science and religion should never contradict, but supplement each other. This fact is of the highest practical importance to us, as it will enable us to sift the essential from the non-essential and the true from the false in the teachings of religion. If subjected to this preliminary sifting and cleansing, it will be found that the teachings of all the great religions of the world are wonderfully alike. A comparative study of religions in the light of modern science will be productive of the highest good in that it will enable the followers of various religions to understand one another's standpoint better. Pupils should be made to see that religion is a matter of experience and not belief; that till the experience is gained, all religions are simply glorified hypotheses, and that when striving for experience, their only guide is reason. From this it logically follows that everything in religion that militates against reason should go.

This will be the death-knell of all intolerance and fanaticism which at present make the Hindu and the Muhamadan fly at each other's throat on the slightest provocation.

From the foregoing the case for a comparative study of religions in schools is sufficiently clear. But various practical objections, like the paucity of teachers, the difficulty to provide for religious instruction in the time-table and sometimes,—a fact much to be regretted—the fanaticism of teachers themselves, may well be urged against the scheme fructifying. The first objection, viz., the paucity of suitable teachers, is not a serious one, since once the thing is determined on, teachers will very soon pick up the knowledge needed. As regards the objection regarding time, provision may easily be made in the time-table for it by cutting out the insipid moral lessons. The objection regarding the fanaticism of teachers themselves is a serious one. The majority of teachers, Hindu, Muhamadan and Christian, I am persuaded, will rise to the occasion by getting over their prejudices and predelictions in the interest of truth and the common good of all; but a few may prefer to maintain their aloofness, and our consolation should be that they belong to a fast disappearing species. The adoption of this broader outlook on religion and life must be particularly easy for the Hindu teacher, in as much as his Vedanta philosophy is pre-eminently rational in tone and its conclusions very similar to the advanced scientific thought of the West. Therefore, on him specially will fall the task of emancipating the young generation from the thraldom of bigotry and superstition.

Such an education will be a wonderful eye-opener to all; to the Hindu it will prove that cow-killing is objectionable only so far as killing in general is objectionable; to the Muhamadan that there is nothing inherent in music to make it hateful to his god; to the Christian that idol-worship has something to justify it, that the Hindu is not such a fool as he appears to be; to the Christian and Muhamadan that there are other ways to salvation besides Christianity and Muhamadanism respectively; to the high-caste Hindu that he, by condemning more than half of his co-religionists to a life of degradation and servitude, has been responsible for the ruin of his country; to the untouchable that he is touchable, that he is a human being; to the unapproachable that he is approachable, that the fair earth is as much his as of his so-called superiors; and to the high-caste pandit that he has to learn much from other nations, that crossing the sea will have no other effect than that of enlarging his mind. On these counts this proposal deserves a fair trial.

When India was Mistress of the World.

By E. S. Parameswaran, B. A. (Hons.)

TIME and again Westerners have described India as a land of dreamy, introspective people, incapable of solid and systematic action. True, material comforts and earthly pleasures have been looked upon as transient things by us and as such, we have been taught to spurn them. Essentially a spiritual-minded people, we have paid little attention to the development of material sciences. Yet, history reminds us of the ancient days when India was both materially and spiritually the Mistress of the World. Along with spiritual attainments, material prosperity also was kept in view and successfully pursued. Being fed on books which speak little about our contributions to Science, and with no historical record of them easily available, the Indian student blindly believed that he had to bow down to the Westerners in the matter of the advancement of Science, ignorant of the fact that, not long ago, she was the torch-bearer of knowledge to the other nations of the world.

Hindu investigations in Science date from the time of the *Adharva Veda* (800 B. C.) and comprise a very large field—Arithmetic, Geometry, Algebra, Trigonometry, Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry and Medical Science. From 800 B. C. to 1400 A. D. it was a splendid age of continuous advancement in Science. Bhaskaracharya, the great Mathematician, lived about the year 1200 A. D. Madhavacharya, the expounder of the six systems of Philosophy, Gnanaratna, the author of *Rasaratna Samuchchaya*, the work on Chemistry, Madanapala the compiler of *Materia Medica* Varahamihira the giant astronomer and the author of *Hora*—all flourished before the 14th. century A. D. These were no ordinary beings. Their achievements in their respective regions were very concrete and were wonderful, especially when we realise that they were accomplished when scientific knowledge had just begun to dawn.

Except in the realm of Astronomy, where the Hindus owe much to the Greeks (Yavanas), India has been influenced very little by foreign nations in her pursuit of Science. On the contrary, her achievements stood as a beacon-light to other countries—China and Japan on the east and the Saracens on the west.

The Hindus were most prominent over all races in Arithmetic. They discovered the symbols of numbers or numerals,

wrongly attributed to the Saracens. These were prevalent in India in the third century B. C. The Saracens borrowed them from India and taught them to the Europeans. The discovery of the decimal system and that most perfect of all notations, zero, were other remarkable achievements in Arithmetic. These were learnt in Europe only in the 12th. century A. D. The knowledge in Algebra was applied to astronomical investigations. The Hindus were the first to conceive of an absolutely negative quantity. They could solve equations concerning more than one unknown quantity. They gave rules for making permutations and combinations.

The development of Geometry was linked with religion, and it arose out of mathematical applications to the religious rituals, such as Homa, Yaga etc. Many of the theorems in Euclid, such as that of Pythogoras, were well known to the Hindus. Aryabhatta, in the fifth century A. D., knew that the area of a circle could be written as πr^2. He found the value of π to be 3·1416. Many difficult constructions in Geometry could be easily performed by him. Bhaskaracharya in the twelfth century gave a correlated account of his predecessors, such as Sreedhara, Varahamihira, Bhramagupta, etc.

The word Trigonometry is of Indian origin. 'Sine' is an Arabic corruption of the word 'Shinji'. It is said that Bhaskara calculated sines by applying the rudiments of the principles of differential calculus.

Bhaskaracharya knew that bodies fell to the ground because the earth attracted them. Gravity was known, but not the law of gravitation. The accelerated motion of bodies, as they fell freely, was known. Bhaskara attributed the persistent tendency for motion of a body to 'Vega,' an expression similar to our notions of Inertia. Kanada, the founder of the Vaisheshika philosophy, gave out the theory of atomic and molecular combinations. The Jains held that the different classes of elementary substances were evolved out of a primordial atom. This reminds us of the modern hydrogen theory. The size of the atom was known to be $\pi . 3{\cdot}5^{-1} . 2^{\cdot 62}$ of a cubic inch. This is a remarkable coincidence with the latest value attributed to the hydrogen atom. The phenomenon of reflection and refraction were known to Udayotkara; heat and light were ascribed to motion. Sabara Swami knew that sound was due to longitudinal wave disturbances in the year, though many others held that the Ether (Akasa) was the medium for the communication of sound. The science of accoustics was studied mainly with reference to music. The musical instruments were studied thoroughly. The law of octaves was known. That most perfect of all musical instruments, the Veena, is a product

of the ancient Hindus. Saranga Deva's *Sangeeta Ratnakara* is a monumental work on Indian music.

Ancient India was one of the greatest industrial powers of antiquity. She excelled other countries in bleaching, dyeing, calico-printing and in the manufacture of steel, gun-powder and fire-works. She attained the utmost skill in the manufacture of pure steel. Even in the second century B. C. Patanjali wrote a treatise named *Loha Sastra* on the metallurgical operations. The process of distillation, filtration and decantation were discovered by the Hindus very early. Chemistry was always allied with medicine. The craze of Alchemy took possession of the Hindus also and many people concentrated their attention towards finding a philosopher's stone which would turn everything it touched into gold.

Perhaps the greatest scientific contribution of India to the world is the science of medicine. Hospitals were prevalent in India even in the third century B. C. Charaka was a famous phycian in the fourth century B. C., and Sushruta flourished in the early Christian Era. Surgery (*Shalya* as it was called) was one of the most important of all medical operations. 127 instruments were used in operations.

The science of Astronomy is as old as man. It was pursued along with Astrology in India from very remote ages. Astrology was very much allied to Astronomy. *The Science of Astrology* was written by so many people—Vasishta, Skandha, Parasara etc. All these were eminent astronomers. It is said that our conception of the twelve Rasis (Zodaics) and the 27 Nakshatras was borrowed from the Babylonians. But there is no conclusive evidence for it. But Varahamihira acknowledges that the 'Yavanas, a barbarous race' were well-versed in Astronomy. Aryabhata knew that the earth revolves around its axis and he could explain the causes for the Solar and Lunar eclipses.

The above facts should instil us with pride for our ancients and should stir the latent scientific faculties in us. It seems India was lethargic and inactive only during the past two or three centuries. We are a nation endowed with natural resources and the intelligence to make use of them. If only we wish, we can rise to the pristine glory of the ancients. Nay, more. Twentieth Century India has produced eminent Scientists, like Sir C. V. Raman, Sir P. C. Ray, Sir J. C. Bose and the mathematical prodigy, Ramanujam. Who knows that amongst the innumerable students that flock the colleges there may not be many potential Rishis—Rishis of Science!

Progress.

By F. H. Aldhouse, M. A.

REVEREND Dr. O'Regan, Lord Bishop of Conamara, was scattering crumbs with one hand and leaning heavily on a crutch-headed stick with the other. His Chaplain, Father Lennon, had just brought him a fresh supply, for the birds were very hungry after a week of hard frost. The Bishop was eighty years old, was mentally as vigorous as ever, but he had increasing difficulty in walking and required a friendly arm to assist him down the Palace steps which were not very steep. He was universally beloved and respected, but he and his Anglican rival, Dr. McMurry—also Bishop—had frequent and rather bitter contraventions in print as to their respective rights to represent St. Patrick. When they met, however, they were altogether different beings friendly enough, at least in manner. This year the Anglican Prelate had been more than usually self-assertive, it being the fifteenth century anniversary of St. Patrick's mission to the Gael.

Dr. McMurry had just produced a pamphlet in which he proved conclusively (at least to his own satisfaction) that St. Patrick was, as he termed it, 'an Anglican forerunner of Anglicanism if not in name, in fact.' This had roused Dr. O'Regan to white hot indignation; he had just completed a reply which 'knocked the absurd claims of that old Protestant into a cocked hat'.

It was certainly a vigorous document and did not mince its epithets. "Liars," "Pseudo-bishops," and "Rank Heretics" were its mildest phrases. "Here's richness," as Father Lennon truly said when he was typing it. It was done at one sitting, and Dr. O'Regan had felt very tired and done up when he threw down his pen. "It was my head and hands that did the work. Strange that I feel weak in the legs," he said.

"Oh, your lordship is just a little exhausted, and feels it in the weakest spot," the Secretary answered. "It is a splendid and most convincing document you have produced. I will send it at once to the printers."

"Do so," the Bishop directed, "and now bring out the crumbs, my feathered parishioners are calling and chirping for their dinner and I have kept them waiting; but they shall have extra rations to make up for the delay. Hurry, Lennon, do."

The secretary had done so and the Bishop was feeding his eager flock, some of whom perched on his shoulders, one tom tit even going so far as to alight on his purple tufted biretta. All at last were satisfied.

"Give me your arm, Lennon," the Bishop requested. "I shall take my usual stroll to the gate, down the avenue."

Father Lennon felt the Bishop leaning on him more heavily than he ever did before.

"I think your work at the reply to Dr. McMurry has tired you somewhat, my lord," he remarked, "will you not permit me to accompany you? You might find my arm a help."

"No, no, Lennon, thank you. I am tired, but not so much as that. I'm not going to become a helpless loafer just yet," was the smiling reply, and there was something pathetic in the brave words but feeble footsteps. Father Lennon thought, 'I'll follow him presently, and watch him from the door to see he isn't failing,' but he bowed an assent to the Bishop's words.

The avenue was a long one and the Bishop made poor progress, so heavy were his feet, and slow his action that he was almost tempted to turn round and beckon to Father Lennon, but he was a determined old man and his will kept him going. At last he reached the gate, "done it" he said, and tried to tap the bars with his walking stick, but feeling he might fall if he lifted it, desisted. He turned and made for the house again. "I'm very weak to-day," he thought, "and feel sleepy. I exhausted myself writing the answer to McMurry; but that man would provoke a Saint. His want of fairness is fully equalled by his want of knowledge.'

As he was allowing these thoughts to pass through his mind the Bishop was progressing slowly home again. Suddenly he found himself at a white iron seat halfway on his backward journey. "I'll rest here a bit," he said and almost fell on to it. The Bishop felt sleep coming. "Just a doze and the fresh air and sunlight will be a tonic," he muttered..................

The Bishop was broad awake again, and felt wonderfully lighter and better. A weight seemed to have fallen from him, his limbs were strong, his heart felt merry. "All I needed was a sleep and sunshine," he told himself. But he was momentarily surprised at seeing a young girl, with a fleecy cloud-like dress, and a pair of iridescent dragon fly wings approaching him with a bunch of white poppies in her hand (the Celtic symbol of *bona mors*, happy death).

"Ah! from the bazaar," he said aloud. "My dear child. I really thought you a genuine angel for a moment; I never saw a

better make up and wherever did you get the poppies from? They look real, but how could they be at this time of year?"

The young girl smiled and curtsied. "For you, father," she said and handed him the poppies.

The Bishop looked hard at the poppies and felt their leaves. "They are real," he exclaimed. "Well of all..........." But the well-known voice of Father Lennon made him turn round, the voice was loud and filled with apprehension.

"My lord," it said, "My lord! Are you ill? Speak. For God's sake..........."

"I'm quite all right, Lennon," the Bishop answered, "never been so well for years. Come and see these flowers and my young friend here."

But Father Lennon paid no heed, he was addressing a huddled figure on the white iron seat, the gardener and butler with him; none of them seemed to hear Dr. O' Regan.

"Run for Dr. Mulligan," Father Lennon said to the gardener, who hurried off. And to the butler he said, "I fear the Bishop's gone. He seemed very feeble this morning. Go and get help at once, we must carry him to his bed."

The butler went running to the Palace. Dr. O'Regan, with a kind of incredulous horror, saw that the pale and inanimate form on the seat was *Himself*.

Hand in hand the Bishop and the angel flew up and up. They seemed to have reached a sea (or was it sky?) of turquoise blue, they skimmed its surface ever moving Westward. An island white and green was embosomed in that azure immensity. Towards it they made their way. Somewhere in the Bishop's memory a description of the Heaven of his Celtic ancestors *Insula pomorum, insula vitae* (an isle of apples, an isle of Life) arose.

"Is that Heaven, my child?" he asked his guide.

"Yes, father, your heaven." He was answered, "and please I *am* your child, your very own daughter, I am your love embodied, your good thoughts, good words, good deeds."

The Bishop was filled with happiness. "You will always be my companion, then, my dear?" he said.

"Always," he was answered.

As they approached the shore two figures stood on the shore to receive him. One was a boy of eighteeen years of age with three birds that hovered above his head, the other was a man

of mature vigour wearing a dress with the Bardic colours interwoven on it, and with a small square harp hanging on his shoulder. The Bishop and his angel alighted.

"Welcome lord," said the boy. "I am Angus, called the Ever Young."

"Welcome, lord," said the man. "my name is Ossion, I wrote of the noble deeds of your ancestors, I have a song here of your own life and death. Men called me the Poet of Erin."

The Bishop cried, "Are you Angus the God of Love; you in heaven?"

"Why, yes, lord," the boy answered "it is written:

"Ye are gods and sons of the Highest" (Psalm)
I am a ray of the great Sun Eternal: you loved much, so you come to the part of Heaven of the Irish. 'There are many, mansions' and you shall see them all, this is the first."

"Behold yourself, Lord." said Ossion, and held a mirror of silver before the Bishop's face.

Dr. O'Regan looked, he saw himself as a young, brown-bearded man, strong and of heroic proportions. His robes were those of a Druid.

"'Druid of Christ' as St. Columba called himself," Ossion said smiling.

As the Bishop wondered he was attracted by the sound of a wonderful singing of birds. "Birds here?" he said. "as well as with Angus?"

"*Ubi aves ibi angeli; ubi angeli ibi aves*":- (where birds are, where angels are birds are), he was answered.

"Heaven is a continual progression," Angus said, "there are countless Heavens, unending experiences, from isle to isle, from knowledge into knowledge, from Glory into Glory for ever, for ever is your lot, my Brother."

The Bishop was filled with ecstasy, and with his guides went to explore the Wonders of the Isle of Life. The first human he met was Dr. McMurry, his old opponent, "the rank heretic."

Hanuman, the Ideal Devotee.

By P. N. Moosad, B.A., L.T.

OF all the stories of devotees in Hindu epics, the most noble and inspiring is that of Hanuman, the faithful and humble servant of Sri Rama, the hero of the *Ramayana*. The devotion of Hanuman has become proverbial on account of its selfless and disinterested character. He sees the presence of his holy master everywhere and in everything and feels absolutely one with Him. There are several stories illustrating this supreme devotion of Hanuman, of which just a few typical ones are given here.

Once, when Sri Rama was discussing with Lakshman, Sugriva and Hanuman, about the ways and means of bridging the great ocean so as to cross over to Lanka and redeem Seeta who was in captivity there, Vibhishana, the brother of Ravana, came to him with a very brilliant garland of pearls. This garland, the loyal Vibhishana handed over to Ra na with a request that the humble gift should be worn for his sake. Rama gladly accepted the pretty garland with thanks ; but, instead of wearing it himself, turned towards Hanuman who was sitting beside him and bedecked his neck with it. Upon this, Hanuman rose, and having made a low and respectful bow to his master, took the garland off his neck. Holding the garland in his hand, he tore off a few of the pearls composing the garland, looked at each minutely for some time, and, apparently not quite satisfied, put them in his mouth and crushed them between his teeth. This strange behaviour of the man-monkey appeared quite incomprehensible and outrageous to all except Sri Rama who understood what it meant. A complacent smile overspread the lips of the Lord : but He said nothing. At the next moment the monkey spat forth all the pieces of pearls from his mouth in evident disappointment and threw off the garland to the ground with force. The spectators were utterly astounded and were at a loss to know what it all meant.

On being questioned about the propriety of his behaviour, Hanuman quietly explained that he did not like anything on earth which bore not the name of his master within it and that was why he had so minutely examined the pearls and cast them off when they failed to show any trace of 'Ramanama,' the holy name of Rama. Further, he added, he would not hesitate to forsake his own body, if it had not been impressed all over, as it is now, with the holy name of his Master. Saying so, he subjected his body to the examination of his devotees gathered there and lo and behold!

'Ramanama was seen clearly written on every part of the body of Hanuman. All those who were present were utterly dumbfounded by this unexpected and strange discovery and stood aghast for a while. Each of them who had thought, till then, that he was the greatest devotee of Rama, was completely humiliated before the Lord on witnessing this extraordinary devotedness of Hanuman and were haughty no more.

On another occasion, when Lord Krishna was living happily in Dwaraka, he found that Garuda, on whose wings he used to ride, was puffed up with pride, fancying himself to be the quickest of all creatures in motion. Bhagavan Sri Krishna wanted to teach him a lesson and make him humble. There was also another among the Lord's servants who was equally haughty and that was the infallible and irresistible 'Sudarsana,' the weapon of the Lord. He was proud that he was invincible. To disillusion them the Lord thought of resorting to the help of Hanuman who was living on the top of the mount "Gandhamadan". So He sent word to him through Garuda, that Rama and Seeta were waiting for him at Dwaraka and that they wanted him at once. When Garuda was gone, the Lord assumed the form of Rama and Rugmini, that of Seeta. They told Sudarsana who was the gate-keeper not to let in anybody without permission. Then they waited for Hanuman.

As soon as the news reached Hanuman, he started from that distant mount and with one jump reached the gates of Dwaraka in an instant, leaving Garuda on his wearisome flight far behind. At the gate he was questioned by 'Sudarsana Chakra' as to who he was and what he wanted there. Hanuman said that he wanted to see Rama and Seeta who were inside. But Sudarsana would not admit him without getting permission from the Lord. Hanuman, who was all-eager to see his Lord and Lady, could not brook this delay, and catching hold of the flaming weapon, put it round his wrist in the fashion of a bangle and entered the palace. The infallible Sudarsana was powerless in the hands of that iron-nerved devotee and was forced to submit to the indignity of a temporary imprisonment. Coming before the holy presence of his Master, Hanuman prostrated before Him and Seeta in profound reverence. The Lord greeted him heartily and raised him up with his hands and had a few minutes' chat with his 'bhakta'. After that he sent him away with his blessings.

As Hanuman was about to depart, Sudarsana, who was terribly suffering in the iron grip of Hanuman, begged to be released. The Lord gave a sign with his eyes to Hanuman to release Sudarsana and he was accordingly set free. Just then Garuda also

arrived. Bhagavan turned to him and asked him what accident had delayed him so much on the way as to make the swiftest of creatures such a great slow-coach. The pride of Garuda was completely shattered, and he fell down at the feet of his Master and begged for pardon. The Lord blessed him and asked him to be humble thereafter.

The glories of Hanuman are painted in bright colours in the *Ramayana* in which he figures as an ideal servant and a faithful devotee. Numerous are the parts played by him in the story, as in the alliance of Rama and Sugriva, the search for Seeta, in the bringing of the mountain of medicine, bridging the ocean, recovery of Seeta, etc. The name of Hanuman is sacred to the memory of all Hindus to this day, and he is classed as a 'chiranjivi' or eternal being, and worshipped. Indeed, he is immortalised by the great poet as an embodiment of ideal service.

A Kick in Time.

By Dr. T. V. S. Shastri, L. M. S.

A kick in time saves nine, or is it a stitch ? I remember to have read some such proverb. I believe it is a stitch, but I think kick is as good as stitch, since it is a kick that is wanted on many occasions, especially in a story like this and since the rhyme is not affected by the substitution, though the reason might be.

Once again the author had managed to squeeze himself into an editor's den. For a long time the author had been spending nearly a quarter of his income on postage, trying to have his stories published in some of the magazines. Except on those one or two rare occasions, when by means of personal pleadings and recommendations from influential benefactors (recommendations creep even into an editor's sanctum and have a value there too in this country) he had not managed to secure a sale for his wares. The utmost that he could attain was the publication of the said one or two stories in some second-rate journals.

Fortunately for the author, the editor whom he was now interviewing was a mild good-natured man who used to talk to authors, as if they were *not* worms crawling beneath his feet. He liked to encourage new authors and made a speciality of bringing out the best from those with whom he came into contact, by means of encouraging words and sound advice.

" What we want," said the editor finally, " is a story which gives a surprise to the reader in the end, and makes him feel glad that he has read the story to the end. The passage to the end must be readable matter and the end must have a kick in it." " A kick in the end " said the astonished author, and then with a wan sickly smile added : " My dear sir, the kick was alright at the end of most of my stories, but,—but—only, sometimes there used to be more than what I deserved of them." "No, No," smiled the editor, "what I mean is a story with a kick *in* it, not *for* it," and then hinted as only editors and officials, in their dens can, that the interview was at an end and that the visitor may disappear, if he was a wise man, without undergoing any ejection proceedings.

The author came home and began to wriggle for ideas. But none would come. He recollected many incidents, but somehow he felt that none would satisfy the exacting editor. Vaguely he realised now, why his stories, told in the manner of a priest's ceremonial recitation, had till now failed to urge editors to invite

him to write for their journals. He wanted now to be satisfied first of all with his own production, before he tried to palm it off on editors, with the help of aids other than merit. Tired after the straining of brain-racking for several hours, he started out to refresh himself. He thought of a friend of his lying in a famous surgeon's Nursing Home and decided to pay him a visit.

The friend was a poor patriot, who had for several years been a steady worker in the national cause and had, like many other similar people, been His Majesty's guest, in some of the well-guarded, high-walled rest houses. When he went to a Harijan village, intent on doing sanitation work, he had with some others to remove a huge irregular stone that was lying in the pathway and creating a good deal of trouble and inconvenience. While doing so, he strained himself, and as he had already a tendency to hernia, he suddenly got strangulated hernia. Luckily for him, he was at once brought to the surgeon's place, who quickly operated on him and practically saved his life. He was now almost recovered but he had a little trouble. He could not use the leg on whose side he was operated.

"Is it likely, doctor, that any nerve was cut during the operation by accident or design which has resulted in the want of movement in that limb," he asked the doctor timidly.

"No it is not possible." assured the doctor. "We know the location of the big nerve vessels and avoid cutting them. Some of the small nerve endings might be cut, but I don't think it will make you lose the use of that leg. You try and use it."

"I have been trying, and trying, doctor, but I couldn't. That is why I suspect some nerve trouble, doctor," wailed the patient.

It was at this jucture that the author walked in. The doctor who knew to him turned him. "The trouble is more imaginary than real. You are a man who is making use of your imagination, here is one who suffers from it.".

"I can't say that I am not also suffering from it, doctor," said the author, with a bitter smile, recollecting his rejected manuscripts.

"But not like this," replied the doctor. "Why don't you advise your friend? I am sure that if he only makes up his mind and makes vigorous use of his leg, he will be quite alright. It might be mere pressure due to tight bandaging on that side. Ask him to use it. I will take off all the bandages to-day."

"How is he to use it, doctor? Can he walk now?" the author asked.

"N ," said the doctor "he can't walk now. Let him move his leg. Let him kick somebody at the foot of the bed," added the doctor with a smile.

"Perhaps, you think, I have had enough experience in the line, and that I would offer myself as a target, doctor. No, thanks. I don't mind a few from irate editors, but I draw the line, at being thought fit to train a man to kick. Perhaps we may send for his wife," suggested the author and all of us laughed, though fortunately the wife was not within ear-shot.

The doctor and his assistants bent down on the patient. While he was removing the bandages the doctor went on talking and laughing. Every one in the room except the patient was watching the taking off of the bandages and was looking intently at the spot. It is a psychological fact that most people cannot refrain from watching while some unpacking is going on. It was this element of curiosity that led Grandad Adam and Grandma Eve to disobey their instructions and bring trouble on all of us, in the days of the Garden of Eden, and it is that same element that helps conjurors and actors spend several minutes in unrolling a lot of coloured paper. But nowadays the patient himself was somewhat nervous. Like all nervous people, he was afraid of looking at it, though he wanted to intensely. He closed his eyes. Closing one's eyes is a time-honoured device for lessening pain. But occasionally he opened his eyes to relieve the strain, but stared at the ceiling and at the electric fan, which had been stopped for the time being. He also amused himself with making grimaces in the expectation of pain, though there was actually none, almost as if he was paying mocking devils in their own coin, who were flying invisibly about, taunting him. Grimacing is another pain-killer device.

"What I mean to say is" said the doctor as he went on dressing, "he must be made to use the leg. Sometimes excitement will do it. Why not somebody stand at the foot of his bed and abuse him? Will he not then be tempted to kick him? Or pull the hair on his leg or scorch his toe with a live cigarette end," and so on the doctor was chatting merrily. He was himself glad that he had been instrumental in saving the life of the self-sacrificing patriot. The patient, whose expectation of pain became so acute, that he could not refrain from that last resort groaning, began to talk in order not to groan. "Joking apart, doctor, I don't know how to thank you for all that you have done for me." Here he opened his eyes, stared for the fraction of a second at the still fan, and closed them again immediately with a wince. "Why do you wince? Is there pain anywhere?" asked the doctor.

"N-N-No," he grinned, "but I feel as if I might get pain."

"You are too nervous, that is what it is," said the doctor.

"I myself think so, but I can't help it, doctor," admitted the patient, opening and closing his eyes, and continued to talk, in

order to cover his nervousness, punctuating his remarks with frequent openings and immediate closings of his eyes like one of these dolls that you see. "The day on which I came here I suffered intensely (eye play). The pain of that day has left such a strong dread within me (eye play), that now even the least thing makes me wince (eye play). Even now you suggested that I should make vigorous use of my leg (eye play). But for the last three days I have been trying to fold that leg. (eye) and stretch it, but I feel (eye play and wince at the recollection) as if the operated spot will give way with a tremendous lot of pain (eye play).

"I see," said the doctor as he bent a little more on the patient, "I believe there is a little of stitch just inside the skin and that is what is making all this trouble. Just wait a minute, I will pull it off in a jiffy"

"Will it cause any pain, doctor?" groaned the patient opening and closing his eyes.

"No, no. You won't feel it at all."

"Alright, doctor. Do whatever you please," said the patient with assumed bravery, "but do it painlessly. You have saved my life, I don't know how to recompense you."

"Get well quickly, clear out of the nursing home and give your room to some other patient," exclaimed the doctor, jocularly, and picked up a pair of scissors and a dissection forceps.

To the acutely sensitive ears of the patient, the slight noise made by the picking of the instruments, was like a thunderbolt. He began to screw up his courage and ground his teeth as if he was about to undergo an amputation. Like people, who while drowning, come up for the last time, he opened his eyes for a last look on this beautiful world. But as usual his gaze turned only ceiling-wards and was directed towards the fan, just beneath whose blades the doctor was standing.

But this time, instead of immediately closing his eyes, his eyes began to dilate with horror. Within a fraction of a second it dilated to an enormous extent. The author who was watching him began to wonder. He did not understand why the patient was trying to bulge out his eyes, especially as the doctor had not yet commenced to do anything. He was about to call the attention of the doctor to the strange condition of the patient's eyes, when there was a terrific crash.

To every one except the patient himself the crash came as a surprise. More than the others, the doctor felt something more substantial than surprise. The others stared with horror at the strange behaviour of the patient. One or two quick thinkers even flushed that the nervous patient had broken down and had gone

suddenly loomy—insane. The doctor who picked himself up with difficulty did not know what to say. The patient had with one vigorous kick, directed against the broad chest of the doctor with the leg, that he was saying he couldn't use, sent him sprawling backwards on the floor. As he was raising himself up, he smiled sheepishly to cover his discomfiture.

"You have a nice way of showing your gratitude, and you are good at following advice. I never thought you would floor me literally with my own advice—to kick," he hissed suppressing his chagrin. The patient who was now trembling with excitement and who looked speechless, simply pointed with his index finger at the blades of the electric fan, above.

All eyes turned upwards. It was just then that the cobra which was startled by the crash hissed in its turn, tried to hide somewhere its head while its body was wound round the central rod of the fan.

Every one understood. The doctor quickly grasped the situation, not the cobra.

"You have I suppose, in your turn, saved my life," he whispered, and "the excitement that was necessary to induce you to use your leg was supplied by the cobra," he added.

"Yes, doctor, the thing was actually hanging down and looked as if it wanted to get on to the nape of your neck," whispered the patient, who had recovered speech.

In the presence of cobras, kings and C. I. D. fellows, people only whisper.

After duly disposing of the cobra, the doctor, who tried to finish the dressing, discovered that the force of the kick had ejected out the offending stitch from its place and the patient after the incident had a sudden relief from symptoms which was as pleasant as it was unexpected.

"That was a Kick in Time" laughed the doctor as he went away.

"I think so, and I hope it would prove to be so for me also," agreed the author cryptically.

He went home and made a story of it, walked boldly into the editor's door and with the air of a new actor performing the part of a Raja threw the manuscript, crying, "Here you are editor: A story with a real kick in it at the end."

"I see," said the editor, after running through the composition "You took it to mean literally, I suppose," he smiled "but the story is alright."

"And, no more real kicks, for me I hope," smiled the author, as he folded and pocketed the cheque handed to him by the editor.

Dr. Annie Besant.

By C. Jinarajadasa, M.A., (*Cantab.*)

DR. BESANT'S father was an Englishman, but half Irish. Her mother was fully Irish. Though technically an Englishwoman, and though herself born in London, Dr. Besant has always refused to call herself an Englishwoman, and always has said she is an Irishwoman. The Irish strain in her ancestry is seen in certain aspects of her character—in her intuitive nature, and also in a very subtle wit and instant retort.

In private life particularly one of her charms is this extremely witty Irish element. She was a devout Christian, and was married to an English clergyman at the age of twenty; the awakening of her character made her challenge several of the Christian dogmas. It was not the challenge of unfaith, but rather of a highly spiritual nature that desired intensely not only to believe but also to understand. The impossibility of making logic out of Christian traditions made her leave the Church and become a Freethinker.

She was already profoundly unhappy in her married life. Two children, a boy and a girl, had been born. She has said very little about what she suffered as a wife. In the course of the case, which her husband brought against her, to deprive her of her daughter, she was forced at last in defence to state how he had physically ill-treated her and turned her out of the house. So terrible was her matrimonial tragedy that once, taking some poison in her hand, she thought of drinking it and so ending the horror of it all. As she was preparing to drink it, she heard a clear voice of stern reproval which said to her, " O Coward, coward, who used to dream of martyrdom and cannot stand a few years of woe." The voice was so impressive that she did not feel it as unkind. It was like a whip applied to her, who from the days of girlhood had read lives of martyred saints and dreamed

of the glory of martyrdom. She instantly threw the bottle out of the window, and never forgot the voice.

She left her husband, taking with her the little daughter. In the course of literary work she came into close collaboration with Charles Bradlaugh. For many years the two worked together shoulder to shoulder, and raised the Free Thought movement to a unique height of intellectual vigour. The wonderful charm of her oratory, and the fire with which she denounced religious intolerence, made her an outstanding figure in public life, though in those Victorian days there was scarcely any calumny which was not spread about her by her orthodox opponents.

Circumstances at once plunged her into a series of dramatic struggles, the first of which was the battle for the publication of the Knowlton pamphlet. This was a pamphlet on Birth Control which had already been published in England without let or hindrance. But some police official, egged on by the orthodox, prohibited its further sale as an "obscene" work. Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant promptly took up the challenge against the liberty of the Press, re-printed the pamphlet and put their names as the publishers. This identified her at once with the propaganda for Birth Control, though at the time when she re-published the pamphlet her ideas were not at all clear on the matter. The publication was purely to defend the right of the public, and not for propaganda on Birth Control. Both she and Mr. Bradlaugh were prosecuted and both of them personally made their defence, not employing any advocates. Mrs. Besant showed remarkable forensic ability, and had she chosen a lawyer's career, she would have become one of the most brilliant and successful of advocates. After losing the case in a lower court, they won it finally on appeal. Then promptly the pamphlet was withdrawn from circulation, as the right of the public had been vindicated.

Then it was that her husband moved to take her little girl away from her, claiming that she was an "unfit" person because of her ideas. This plunged Mrs. Besant into a second case. The record of it makes very striking reading as revealing both Mrs. Besant's ability and the harshness of the Judge. For many days she was herself her own advocate, and met point after point of law and obstruction placed before her both by her husband's lawyer and the Judge. She lost the case, and the deprivation of her child caused her profound grief. Later, both the girl and her elder brother, when they attained their majorities, became devoted admirers of their mother and remain so still.

We find her then passing on to a new phase of her career. In 1879 she matriculated at London University and went on with

her studies in Science. In 1881 she passed the Intermediate Examination of the University with Honours in Botany, taking all the subjects that were needed for the degrees of Bachelor of Science and Medicine. During this period she began giving lectures on Science to classes of working men. Her brilliant lectures on the French Revolution were commenced at this time. From 1885 she became closely associated with the Fabian Society, some of whose leaders are still alive, such as Bernard Shaw, Sidney Webb (Lord Passfield), and Sidney Olivier (Lord Olivier), Ramsay MacDonald joining them later.

Began then another phase when, feeling somewhat dissatisfied with her negative standpoint of Free Thought, she made researches into Spiritualism, Hypnotism, etc. They gave her no logical and clear proof of survival after death, though the phenomena were interesting. It was, however, at this epoch that there happened to her a second experience which was then unexplainable. While she was sitting in the Fleet Street Office of The National Reformer, and brooding over her disappointments in the search of Truth, she suddenly heard a voice say to her: "Are you willing to give up everything for the sake of learning the Truth?" She replied instantly, "Yes, Lord." She did not know who had spoken, but it was the same voice as on the earlier occasion.

Only a few days passed when Mr. W. T. Stead, the editor of *The Review of Reviews* sent her Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* to review. He told her that none of the young men on his staff cared to undertake the two huge volumes, and "You are quite mad enough on these subjects to make something of them." The moment she read the work it was as if a long lost synthesis of truth suddenly flashed out in her mind. She asked for an interview with the author, and from that first sight of Madame Blavatsky, Annie Besant's whole life was changed. She separated herself from her Secularist friends, and also to some extent from Socialism. The new light which she had received inspired her more firmly than ever to the service of the world, but it was not so much to tinker at various evils in the world's organization, but rather to deal with the root of them all in the light of laws which govern all existence, so that every evil could be eliminated as the result of new outpourings of the streams of life.

Soon after she became Madame Blavatsky's disciple, she came into direct relation with the Adept known as "the Master M.," who was one of two Adept Founders of the Society. Then she knew for the first time that it was He who spoke to her when she thought of suicide as the way out of her troubles, as also later in her office in Fleet Street.

The record of her work among Theosophists needs little mention. She became the most brilliant exponent of Theosophy both as orator and author. After the death of Colonel Olcott in 1907 she was elected President for seven years, and has been re-elected three times. She threw herself into the Society's work as a practical organizer to "make Theosophy practical." Action became her "slogan" as its President. During her Presidentship, the Society has grown up by leaps and bounds. When Colonel Olcott died there were only eleven Sections or national Societies. Thirity-six more have since been added.

Dr. Besant has always been a great traveller, having visited in her Theosophical work nearly all the countries of Europe more than once. She has made several visits to the United States and to Canada, as also to Australia and New Zealand. As soon as travel by aeroplane was practicable, Dr. Besant selected this method in preference to the slower one of railways and steamers, because speed is very much a characteristic of her temperament.

In 1893, on November 16, she landed in India for the first time. Even before this date she had talked of India as her "Motherland." As early as 1875 she had championed the cause of India in a pamphlet called "England, India and Afghanistan". The transformation of the religious life in India, among Hindus particularly, which Annie Besant brought about is one of the wonders of her life. She came as a stranger, not knowing Sanskrit; yet as she expounded the old philosophies, she poured forth a wealth of knowledge which amazed cultured Hindus. Far more than her knowledge, however, was her wonderful love of the vanished greatness of India and her indignation at India's sunken condition which she showed in every address. The older generations of Indians will testify how many of them often wept when they listened to her description of what India might again become some day.

She soon gathered round her a band of Indians to work for the regeneration of the people, and in 1898, after much planning, she founded the Central Hindu College in Benares. There came from Britain and from the United States Theosophists to help her in the work of the College. The best known among all these were Dr. A. Richardson, Ph. D., F. C. S., who was the first principal of the College; later Dr. G. S. Arundale succeeded him. Another most valuable worker was Dr. Arundale's aunt, Miss Francesca Arundale, who started a small Girls' School, which is now the Women's College of Benares. Many were the activities of Dr. Besant for education, in the cause of which she received liberal support from many an Indian Prince and nobleman. A brilliant

band of workers gathered round her to make the Central Hindu College the type of what an Indian educational institution should be; among these were Messrs. Bhagavan Das, Govinda Das, Gyanendra Nath Chakravarti, the late P. K. Telang and many others who worked in an honorary capacity and in a spirit of wholehearted and dedicated service. After the College was taken over by Pandit M. M. Malaviya to be the nucleus of the Hindu University her great services to the success of the College were recognised by making special legislation to give her a seat on the Governing Body. The Degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred upon her as a special distinction and in recognition of her services to Indian Education. The College no longer needing her, Dr. Besant organised the Theosophical Educational Trust, with several schools and colleges. This later was transformed into the Society for the promotion of National Education, with vast aims for a complete reconstruction of education throughout India. Almost every political leader was on its committees. Political events, however, put an end to this large scheme, and it reverted once again to the smaller Educational Trust.

Dr. Besant also organised a movement called "The Sons and Daughters of India." For children she initiated the Golden Chain Movement, now active in Scotland, Spain, U. S. A., and several countries in South America. It was she who organised the Indian Boy Scout Movement, in which the boys wore Indian turbans and sang Indian songs, while in all other ways they obeyed the Scout Law. When Lord Baden-Powell came to India, his movement and that of Dr. Besant were amalgamated, and in recognition of her services he made her "Honorary Scout Commissioner for all India". Many attempts were made, by Dr. Besant to bring about reforms in Hindu social life, and one such was the organisation called "The Stalwarts," who pledged themselves not to marry their daughters under the age of 16. Very few joined, and this activity was not fruitful.

A new phase of Dr. Besant's activity was when she became attached to two Indian boys, then 14 and 11, and pronounced the elder of them Krishnamurti, as the vehicle to be of a great "World Teacher." As the boy was not brilliant mentally, far less so than his younger brother, such a statement appeared ludicrous to all who knew the boy and his family. The father of the boys was one of her own disciples, and in the beginning he handed over the guardianship of the boys to her, in order that they might receive a far finer education than he, as a poor man, would be able to give them. Later, he quarrelled with her and desired to remove the boys from her guardianship. As the boys were far more attached to her than to their natural father, they refused

to go back to him, and Dr. Besant defended their interests when a case was brought against her by the father.

Once again, as twice before, Dr. Besant herself was her own advocate, and day after day pleaded her case. She lost the case in the lower Court, but costs were given against the plaintiff, and the boys were made wards of Court, and in addition their majority—eighteen years under Hindu law—was prolonged to twenty-one years. Then she took it to the High Court of Appeal, where she again lost it, but each party was ordered to pay his costs. Then she took the case up to the Privy Council, and in 1914 for the first time the boys, now 18 and 15, appeared as interveners to state their side of the case. Dr. Besant won in the Privy Council, the Council holding that the minors should have been represented in the first suit and that it should have been brought in England where the minors were resident. The Privy Council laid down the principle that when dealing with minors who had come to an age of discrimination, no Judge should dispose of them as if they were mere "bales of goods," but that they themselves should be consulted regarding their ideas as to their welfare. The development of Krishnamurti, and particularly his taking a standpoint, quite distinct from that of most Theosophists has been one of the striking events in the last five years. While he differs from Dr. Besant, yet all realise that she had a wonderful intuition when she picked him out and said *Ecce Homo*—This is the Man, for Krishnamurti is undoubtedly one of the most brilliant and forceful of ethical teachers in the world to-day, if not the foremost.

In many ways Dr. Besant will perhaps be most famous in India for her political work. She has said again and again that she entered politics to save the youth of India. She knew from contact with high-spirited lads burning with a zeal of patriotism how they were slowly being captivated by the gospel of extremism of the Bengal anarchist revolutionaries. She saw how the Government merely suppressed but did nothing to remove grievances. Precious time was being lost, and more and more young men were being attracted to the gospel of violence. She entered the political arena in 1913. She started a weekly newspaper called *The Commonweal* in January, 1914, and a few months later purchased *The Madras Standard*, a daily paper. In the August of that year she changed its name to *New India*.

Some day a great historian will have to write her life in this aspect of her, as a politician. It is scarcely possible here to say more than a few words on the matter. Her first action was to use all her force to draw together the two sections of the Indian National Congress which had been divided at Surat in 1907.

These two sections were represented by Mr. B. G. Tilak and Mr. G. K. Gokhale. There were certain radical points of difference between them which seemed insuperable, but Dr. Besant brought the two groups together on a common platform of the "All-India Home Rule League."

Ten months after she began her political work, the Great War broke out. It was then that British statesmen committed a radical blunder which made matters difficult for Indians as the War developed. Mr. Lloyd George turned to the Dominions and said in brief: "Help us to win the War; after it is over there shall be a 'new deal' between us and yourselves." He said openly that in all Imperial affairs after the War there should be close consultation with the Dominions. But turning to India, he said "Help us to win the War,"—and completely left out any word regarding what India's future should be after the War. India was called upon to make great sacrifices, which she gladly made, but not a single word was said by any British statesmen as to India's position after the War was won. It was this vital blunder of British statesmen that convinced Dr. Besant that the political work in India had to continue, and not be modified or slackened because the Empire was at war.

In 1916 she was "externed" by the Government of Bombay so that she could not enter Bombay Presidency. The Central Provinces also externed her, and in 1917 the Government of Madras "interned" her. But so powerful was the reaction in India following upon her internment that within three months British policy had to be changed. No statesmen in Britain nor the British officials in India seemed to realise that Dr. Besant was not an agitator working up an agitation, but rather a far-sighted leader who saw the need to open up a festering wound whose poison would otherwise permeate the whole organism. As soon as she was released, the popular wave of enthusiasm was such that she was elected the President of the National Congress which met in December.

But once again she started another precedent. Hitherto the President of the Congress had merely presided during four days' meetings, and then retired into inactivity. Dr. Besant made the President's office one of executive importance for the whole year. As President of the Congress she went on organizing activities and presiding at meetings of Congress Committees and so on.

Scarcely three years had passed when the great position which she had won among Indians was practically lost by her, so far as the general public was concerned. This was when Mr. M. K. Gandhi launched his campaign of "Non-Cooperation" against the

British Government, calling upon lawyers, schoolboys and others to "non-co-operate," because of the injustices committed by the Government. One part of his campaign was the breaking of certain laws, which would be announced to the people, and such infraction was to be a political demonstration to bring pressure to bear on the Government. To break a bad law because it was bad and to suffer for it individually with a view to changing it into a good law—that Dr. Besant could support; but, to break a bad law, not because it was bad but because it was law—that she could not suffer, because that made for anarchy and lawlessness. Dr. Besant thoroughly believed in "Passive Resistance," where the individual pits his conscience against an evil law, dares to break that law and suffers the law's penalties, but only in order that the evil law might later be changed. But she refused to countenance the breaking of any general laws not selected by the individual, but thrust upon him at the dictation of someone else's policy, and particularly as a way of bringing pressure to bear on Government policy.

This divergence between her and Gandhiji has persisted steadily, because she has held that any movement for "mass action" or "direct action" released forces which must degenerate into violence, and will in the long run be to the detriment of India's national life. She has stood by the Constitutional method for political reforms, and has openly challenged the policies of Gandhiji on this matter while having a profound regard for him as one who lives a most saintly life.

Though she became unpopular and lost her position as a leader, she still went on with her work for India. Hardly had the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms been initiated in 1921, and the new Councils met in Delhi and in the Provinces, when Dr. Besant immediately organized a movement for the next and final step towards India's freedom. This movement crystallized as the "National Convention," and its aim was to draft a Bill which would represent India's conception of her place in the British Empire as "The Dominion of India." Several gatherings of many of the leading politicians in India took place and they met at several sessions of this National Convention, and finally the "Commonwealth of India Bill" was drafted and agreed upon in 1925. This Bill was to be presented to Parliament to be passed by it. By it India was to be made a full Dominion, but with the reservation of the two departments of Army and Law and Order. The Bill, however, was to enact that, without any further action of Parliament, the Indian National Government could itself declare when it was ready to take over these two Departments. The bill was accepted officially by the British Labour Party, and one of its

members presented it to Parliament, where it was read for the first time. It was, however, not read a second time, and so lapsed.

It is in this Bill that there was enunciated an unique system of graded franchise, which Dr. Besant and others considered was the only system suited to India with her millions of uneducated villagers. The franchise was arranged by gradations, with first a universal franchise for men and women for Village administration. There was a more restricted franchise with higher qualifications for the Taluq, more restricted still for the District, and so on for the Province and for all India. There was to be a complete equality between women and men in all matters of political representation. Dr. Besant has never believed in merely counting heads without examining what is inside the heads, as is the principle of universal suffrage. She has been utterly against any system which would put upon the villagers responsibility for decisions concerning All-India legislation.

There is little need to speak further concerning Dr. Besant's political activities. She is undoubtedly no longer recognized as a leader, but on the other hand, she has made practicable many a change which has made success easier for the present leaders. Her policy has been misunderstood both by the Government and by the Indian public. She has been blamed by the Government for denouncing it, and blamed by Indians for supporting it; for her policy has been "For India," and she has supported the Government in whatever was rightly done, even if it made her unpopular with Indians. The Earl of Willingdon, the Viceroy of India to-day, when he relinquished office in 1924 as Governor of Madras wrote to her what is the truth on the matter.

"I shall never forget our first meeting here when you referred to this incident and said. "We bear, no ill-feeling for that!" Well you certainly haven't and I am sincerely grateful for it. You have criticised me when you have thought me wrong; you have generously supported me when you thought me right. If I could get all editors to deal equally honestly with this humble individual, I should feel life to be much easier."

No biography, however brief, of Dr. Besant can be complete without reference to a phase of her life and activity, little known to the public, but of the utmost consequences so far as she herself is concerned. This is her occult life. When Madame Blavatsky passed away, she had gathered round her a band of students dedicated to the idea of Discipleship, working under Rishis or Masters of the Wisdom. Two years after Madame Blavatsky's death Dr. Besant became the head of the esoteric organization known as the "Esoteric School." Since then she has had a following of several

thousands of members of the Theosophical Society throughout the world who have looked to her as their spiritual instructor. Those who came into intimate contact with her have known how much she has achieved in Yoga and how therefore her guidance is based upon first hand knowledge on many occult matters. She has constantly used certain of these Yoga powers, particularly that of Clairvoyance, to investigate the nature of the superphysical realms and many have been her books on this recondite subject, her work being usually in collaboration with her colleague, C. W. Leadbeater. A remarkable piece of work done by both was the examination of the chemical elements of Chemistry by means of Clairvoyance. This record of work begun in 1895, is still being continued, and it has added a most striking contribution to the knowledge of the atom, parallel to that which is being discovered by physicists and chemists.

Similarly, the biographer has to note another striking activity of hers. In the year 1902 she associated hereself with a French Masonic organization called "The supreme Council of Universal Co-Masonry". This body, composed of certain members of the grand Scottish Symbolical Lodge of France, an off-shoot of the Supreme Council of France in 1882 admitted women as Freemasons. In 1902 Dr. Besant joined them with other friends, and the Co-Masonic Movement has since then spread into nearly all the countries where English is spoken. She is an ardent Freemason, and has thrown a great deal of her enthusiasm into the cause of Brotherhood, as developed in this secret organization. Owing to her outstanding ability and her role in world affairs, the French Supreme Council gave her high rank, and her official title is: "The V.........Illus.........Bros........ Annie Besant. 330, Deputy and Vice-President of the Supreme Council, First Sovereign Lieutenant Grand Commander of the Order and Most Puissant Grand Commander of the British Federation." Within her jurisdiction in Great Britain, the Dominions and Dependencies, there are today 161 Masonic groups, composed of Blue and Mark Lodges, Holy Royal Arch and Rosy Cross Chapters, two Encampments, and one Consistory.

What are Dr. Besant's outstanding gifts? First and foremost, she is a fighter. Dash, courage, initiative, these characterize her. But she is also intuitive and far-sighted. Bernard Shaw once said of her:

"Mrs. Besant is a woman of swift decisions. She sampled many movements and societies before she finally found herself; and her transitions were not gradual; she always came into a movement with a bound, and was preaching the new faith before

the astonished spectators had the least suspicion that the old one was shaken."

She is intensely magnetic but she does not dominate. She is the first to meet an opponent more than half-way. She is both fiery and dispassionate—fiery to denounce a Government's evils, yet dispassionate to see and to denounce also the excesses of Indian mobs. She is without a particle of resentment towards any one who oppose her, for she believes he must be aiming to do his duty. She sees things in large sweeps and leaves details to others. In her technique she is the artist. The most popular and significant name for her, is "Mother". Many an Indian ruler has called her that, and hundreds of thousands of lesser folk. She has always encouraged youth in every land, never dampened its enthusiasms because some of its plans were not the wisest.

I have known her since 1895. She has encountered much obloquy and opposition; few have been her triumphs. But her warrior spirit has never been daunted. In days to come many great biographies of her will be written. I can conceive of no truer biography of her than in these three words. She made man.

—*Theosophist.*

A Story of a Lost Child.

By Vas.

IN or about our place, Gurusev was of the richest and the most prominent. By himself he might not have made much money; yet, economical (but not miserly) man, that he was, he was able to retain, with the additions composed usually of interest, all the wealth left to him. Endowed by nature with a good heart, sympathetic ears and charitable disposition, he was an example of that hospitable, kind-hearted yet careful husbandman that one finds in many Indian villages. True, he had his own faults, his own ill-luck—but who hasn't got them? I had seen him daily taking his bath early in the morning in the village tank, and returning home via the temple where he would prostrate before the Deity and make mutterings of prayer for forgiveness as well as good futurity.

Long before the world in general knew the economic depression, my family had felt and suffered so much from it, that my father had to take us all away, and we had elsewhere to find fresh means of subsistence. But in spite of that, we maintained our old friendships and relationships in the old native atmosphere; and especially in these latter years. I was a frequent visitor to these parts, and more often than not, I was Gurusev's guest, as he was the readiest to play the host to any one, even at late hours. He is not known to have said 'nay' to anybody coming to his house for food. Thus one night I happened to be in his house. Gurusev wore a very sad face and in spite of it, he bade me welcome and gave me all comforts.

"What is the matter, Guru?"—I had no need to ask it, for it was so full in his mind that it was already finding its way out in mutterings and my query but just dragged it out in force.

"My fate" he answered, "Nothing but that. My heart is bleeding—but what to do?"

I could not comprehend the meaning, but I did not wish to interrupt, for such subdued venting of the feelings always bring the cause out without the asking.

"I never expected this of all things from him," he went on. "Well, my friend, my son, my eldest son left the house this evening, forcibly taking from me five thousand rupees against my will. I don't mind about the money—yet it is a large amount—but he, he is more important to me. He is going to a place where the malarial mosquitoes exact their toll in full, where

..omous reptiles abound and wild beasts roam about. Added .. all this, the boy said that he would not come back to me, if he lost the money and even if he did not make any profit out of it in the business, in which he is going to put it. That is my fear, my friend. He is young and inexperienced and he may fail. Then what shall I do, if he does not return? Oh God, how can I live without him—No, I cannot, I cannot. I must find him out and make him return home".

The unfortunate man moaned. Born of the first wife, now deceased, Lakshman, the young man concerned, was his most beloved son, and being the eldest, and having been fondled very recklessly, he had grown more and more dear to the father—and his mother's death only accentuated the affection. Hence these strong, fond feelings.

Some two months afterwards, I again happened to be my friend Gurusev's guest. Then also he was as sad as before for the same reason. No news had come from his son Lakshman for whom he made a vain search, and he was only more anxious than before. After we had our food, we were sitting, Gurusev and I, on the outside verandah of his hospitable house, and we were having that after-dinner chat which, as everybody knows, begins somewhere, touches a thousand matters in many ways and almost ends nowhere without feeling the increase or decrease of the number of persons assembled after the meal. About an hour later there came a man who was pretty old, asking which was the house of Gurusev.

"This is it, and I am he," said my friend.

"Well," the new comer said, "I am a stranger to these parts. When I entered this village, and enquired where I could have some decent food, I was directed to you. I—"

"You can come in" replied Gurusev, "and I shall do what little I can to help you."

My friend went in and though it was a late hour asked his wife and daughter to prepare a simple meal quietly as he was loth to send away a guest at that time without food—a feeling which the women shared with him.

After the new comer's meal was over, we all again sat on the outside verandah of the house. The guest, a shrewd observing man, asked my friend why he was so sad.

"I observed your sad demeanour, Sir, from the beginning and I wanted to know the cause of it. Evidently some loss has occurred to you. I was for leaving you alone undisturbed......"

"No, no, far from it," replied Gurusev. "that would o have disturbed me more. The fact is that my son, my eldest so has left me and gone away to a wild and distant place not only without my consent but against my will and forcing some money from me. My astrologer has told me that this is a very bad period for me and also for him, which might result either in his death or his desertion from me."

"Don't believe in these astrologers, Sir, I would venture to advise you," said the stranger. "Very often their predictions do not tally with practicalities. No doubt the science is not at fault. But many mistakes creep in, owing to the time of birth being incorrectly stated or to miscalculations, etc. It is only sometimes that some general statements prove correct prophesies. But it is otherwise with palmistry—here, please, extend your right hand—", this he said addressing me, and when I did as directed, he went on "Your fortune line is certainly not an enviable one—Early days—bad ; later days—fairly good, but labour is necessary – and so on and so forth.

"Now let me see yours," he said addressing our kind host, and on seeing his palm "What a generous heart you have" he said. "It is a rare and valuable line, this, which indicates the heart" and looking at the various other lines he continued, "You have never and will never feel what may be called want ; not only that, you will give and satisfy those who will want. But your general fortune line is not so attractive. You seem to have married twice—lost or missed a child—and yes—Your recent sad incident with your son is not noticeable, as the line shows good, well-behaved, long-living sons. So, I take it that you need not at all be anxious about your son. He will return to you not only hale and healthy but with profits and additions." In this manner the palmist-stranger went on and disarmed the fears of Gurusev regarding his son.

Lakhman, Gurusev's son who, as his father said had forced himself away from Gurusev went straight to business. No doubt he felt very sorry and repented for his misbehavior in having broken away from his father, snatched his keys and taken five thousand rupees from the box. But he had one trait and that was not to withdraw from a position to which he had advanced either by design or by accident. He met the friend with whom he had made the appointment to meet, and they both advanced frequently sums of money for the business, and fortunately for them, they were able to realise large profits. In the course of his business they had to go to several outlying places which were to be served by the commodity they were dealing in. Sometimes one would go in one direction and the other in another;

..etimes both would proceed together. In one of these latter ..ips, Lakshman had once to go to a place alone, as his friend fell sick. He had to go 10 or 15 miles, tour round the place there and return. Before he finished his business he found that it was getting late and resolved to lodge in one of the hospitable houses in the village close by. Therefore, after his work was over, he went to that village and entered the first house which appealed to his eyes. Suddenly he was welcomed with great joy by a middle aged woman who was standing in. "Come, come, my son, how long have you been away! You promised to return in a week and kept away two months. Oh, we were so anxious, your father and I, that I sent him to take you home. He went ten days back and........"

"You are evidently making a mistake, kind woman," answered Lakshman, smiling, "I am not your son and I do not even belong to this place. I am come here only to enquire where and, if here, I can have a night's lodging—that is all."

"Ah there! you are making the old trick—Do you think that I will be deceived by it or by the change in your dress—you are already laughing, and of course you don't mean what you say. I know you are my boy—he whom I brought up—and I am certain of it, though it is now dark and I possess poor eyesight. Come in, wash and take your food."

Lakshman was perplexed. He was neither for going out in the dark in an unknown place, nor for going in in these circumstances. The woman appeared to be alone, for nobody came there, hearing their voices, and therefore he thought he had no alternative but to go away.

"Madam, I am sorry, you are somehow confounded and you think that I am what I am not. I am not your son and I........"

"Now, none of that. You have played that game once or twice before at this very dark hour. I am not now going to fall in—so, hurry up and......"

"If there is none but this woman in this house, I can go in to please her, and very early in the morning escape by silently walking out; but if there is anybody else coming up, then he or she will give me a night's lodging as for a stranger. In any case, I may stay"—Thinking thus to himself, he went in. None appeared on the scene, The 'mother' narrated how anxious they were for him and how they were consoled and encouraged by her brother who was living a mile off, and asked him where he had been and so on. Lakshman answered truly by telling her to what places he had gone and what things he had done. Being very tired he was very sleepy and the kind 'mother' did not worry him very much with inconvenient questions which she reserved for

the morrow. Lakshman who resolved to wake up at abou 4 A. M. was quite unable to do so as the sleep which overtook him overnight persisted in its hold upon him and when he did wake up, it was nearly daylight. He shook himself quickly up, yawned the final waking yawn and looked around to find out if the 'mother' was up and doing. No. She was probably still sleeping, for no sound came from any part of the house. He put on his dress, and was getting near the outside door to open it to get out, when that door was knocked at and two voices were heard from the outside. Hearing the knock the woman of the house also got up, but before she came up, Lakshman had opened the door and stepped out. There he beheld two men standing one behind the other. One of them, standing first, apparently the master of this house, showed signs of being taken aback by Lakshman's appearance. He felt something queer, which he felt unable to locate or define. He looked first at the young man behind him, then at Lakshman; again at the one and at the other and so on several times, rubbing his eyes afresh each time.

"Why indeed, you seem to be twins!" he exclaimed. "I am wondering whether I have not brought the wrong boy home."

By this time, his wife, the 'mother', had already come out and the first thing she did was to perform with her eyes what her husband did with his. "Which was her 'son'?"—She could not make out.

"They are very much alike," she said to her husband at last. "Tell me which is the real one."

"Of course, he who is with me and who came with me."

"Certainly not," she said. "You have made some queer mistake and brought the wrong boy home. This certainly is our boy," pointing to Lakshman.

"No, no. It's you have made some mistake. This is our boy, of course."

The two young men looked so much similar one to the other that no wonder this curious conversation took place.

"No"—"Yes"—said these two men in one voice. They began to exert themselves and intervene.

"I give up my sonship here," said Lakshman a little comically, thus defeating the wife and starting off.

"Stay, young man, stay for a while at least as my guest and let us know who you are," said the husband stopping Lakshman.

A little later, after they had their breakfast, the husband, a pretty old man said to Lakshman, "This is my son—not my own son literally—but a son whom I got almost from God as a babe-in-arms and brought up. In the great Mahamakham held twenty

nd odd years ago, I got him as a child, nearly abandoned, crying helplessly. Paradoxically enough, in that great concourse the child had no man or woman to help for a time. My wife and I were going that way then and we were attracted by the cries of the helpless child. We had no children and were longing for one and had come there after going to Rameswaram—our second visit. Our hearts melted at the sight of the child, and my wife snatched it up boldly and came away. I had great misgivings and felt quite uneasy at the peculiar acquisition she had made and I told several people whom I met there about it and tried to discover its parents. But all was in vain and after being there for about ten days we decided to accept the child as God's gift, and returned home with it. We named him Raman and he has since been our own son."

Lakshman put his hand on his forehead in the act of recalling some vague thing. He seemed to have heard some such story somewhere—of a child with jewals being snatched away by robbers in the great crowd at Kumbakonam during the Mahamakham some five and twenty years ago......"—Yes, now he remembered.

" My father, Gurusev, has told me such a a story, sir. He has said that he has lost a child which was bedecked with jewels in the Mahamakham festival......"

" Gurusev, did you say ? "

" Yes."

" I know him now. I was his guest only last week. Such a good man he was. He said that his son, his eldest son, had run away or some such thing with five-thousand rupees and that he was very anxious about him. I pacified him in his griefs and prophesied looking at his palm that his son would return to him not only with safety, but with plenty."

" I am that son of his, sir," said Lakshman. But this story of 'your son' Raman must be cleared up. Considering all the circumstances of the case, I have no doubt at all but that he is my own twin-brother."

They all agreed with this opinion and in order to verify its correctness repaired to the house of Gurusev with Lakshman.

" God be thanked," exclaimed Gurusev in extreme wonder and surprise on hearing the story of Raman. " We had ourselves named him Raman and this boy Lakshman—they being twins. We brought them up with such tender affection that the loss of the one almost broke my wife's heart. We had adorned both the children in exactly similar way with exactly similar ornaments. Somehow in that great crowd Raman was robbed away from us by clever rogues to get at his jewels—Oh Gods, what a mysterious way it is in which you do your deeds! "

Swami Vivekananda in London.

By Sri Mahendranath Dutta.

(The series of articles of which this is the third are compiled by Swami Jagadiswarananda from the Bengali memoirs of Mr. Dutta, the brother of the Swami. Dutta had gone to England to study Law, but being dissuaded to do so by his illustrious brother, the Swami, he studied other subjects. He has travelled widely in Russia and Palestine and other countries in Europe and Asia. He is an epitome of the Swami physically, mentally and spiritually. He is a bachelor, a saint, a Rishi in white robes. He is an erudite scholar of encyclopaedic intellect and a profound thinker and author of about a dozen books both in English and Bengali. His book on the psychology of Art has been highly appreciated by Romain Rolland, Rabindranath Tagore and other savants—*S. J.*).

III

WHEN the Swami's lectures and discourses were in full swing, the padres became jealous and spread all sorts of tales against him, saying, for instance, that the Swami was an atheist and wanted to destory their Christian beliefs. Though notices were regularly sent to the press, the papers did not publish them in the columns of church news. As in America so in England, the missionaries carried on a vigorous propaganda in order to belittle the Swami's success but it was of no use. One day a canon named Howes, who with his wife and daughter used to attend Swami's lectures and talks and had high regard for him, gave a sermon in a church at Regent's Park on Bhakta and Bhakti and spoke so highly of the Swami's message that a good deal of public misunderstanding was thereby removed and the people became more drawn to the Swami.

One Sunday afternoon Swamiji was to deliver a public lecture as usual in the Water Paintings Gallery of the Royal Institute at Piccadilly. We all started with him in a bus to the lecture. In those days buses were drawn by horses. The hall could accommodate only four or five hundred people. Swami Saradananda and myself took our seats in a sofa near the platform. Goodwin and Miss Muller began to receive the prominent men. The Swami put on a yellow tunic or over-coat with a sash, but he had no neck-tie or collar, hat or turban. His hands were crossed on the breast. A glass of water was on the table as the Swami used to sip during lectures to drench the parched throat. The hall was packed to overflowing. The Swami was pacing to and fro on the platform like a caged lion tossed by the storm of thought, and this was the way the Swami used to lecture. Gradually he

hung down his hands and with the depth of ideas he became motionless. His eyes did not even wink and appeared to look inward. His voice softened or deepened according to the nature of the ideas and his lips poured out words of inspiration like a torrent. The Swami was a born orator by divine right. The most famous lectures of the Swami were delivered in England then and later on they were published in book form, viz., Raja Yoga, Jnana Yoga etc. The Swami himself opined that the Jnana Yoga was his master-piece, as he had expressed therein the most obstruse philosophy in a very popular language. His discourses were also deep or simple according to the mental capacity and competency of his hearers.

The Swami had a habit of spitting, and he used to spit in a fender. We had temporarily an old maid-servant of a temper easily irritable. One day, finding the fender full of spittel, she flew into a rage, but as soon as she heard that it was the Swami who had spitted, she was pacified and expressed her regret and her great respect for him. Once the Swami was deeply meditating while seated in an easy chair. Myself and Goodwin were also trying to concentrate our minds sitting in the adjacent chairs. The Swami sat still for a long time and then his countenance reflected acute pain within. After some time he heaved a heavy sigh and said that his heart was about to fail. "I was suffering," he added, "from an excruciating pain in the chest. It is our hereditary disease." The Swami eventually died of heart-failure.

One day the Swami remarked that the ancient Indians were white. There were references in some Sanskrit lore to the effect that the Indians in the pre-Buddhistic age were *Sweta kaya* or white-coloured. But with the spread of Buddhism throughout the length and breath of the Asiatic Continent, the Tartars, the Scythians, the Huns and other dark races came to India, and owing to the admixture of castes and intermingling of blood, the race of the ancient Indians became corrupted and congested; hence the dark brown complexion of the modern Indians. This is one of the deplorable after-effects of Buddhism.

Some Indians then living in Englaud came to see the Swami. A certain Guzerati youth, a Desai, used to read out sometimes to the Swami his Sanskrit compositions. The Swami advised the youth to devote his time to study the subject for which he had come over there and not waste time and money on hobbies which he could very well carry on after return to his native home. Desai one day asked the Swami why he was lecturing on Raja-Yoga and not on Hath-Yoga. Talking in Hindi, the Swami explained to him the difficulties of the Hath-Yoga practises and said

that good diet and regular living were a few of the many essentials of Hath-Yoga, aiming as it did at physical perfection. That being impossible for busy work-a-day men, he preached Raja-Yoga, the goal of which was mental control and moral perfection. In this connection, he cited the story of Sadhu Haridas, the great Hath-Yogi, who, buried underground by the orders of Raja Ranjit Singh, still survived. The Swami told Desai along with this that the mind became so much body-bound in Hath-Yoga that it was one of the obstacles of spiritual life, the first criterion of which was the entire forgetfulness of the body, not to speak of the outer world. He also said that occult powers or miracles hindered the progress ot spirituality often leading the aspirants to ruin.

The Swami was a patriot-monk. He had inborn love for his Motherland. "Perhaps one weakness of Vivekananda as a World-Teacher," remarks his English biographer, "was his burning patriotism. His personal struggles and his personal desires were bound up in an indistinguishable passion for his country's good. He never proclaimed nationality, but he was himself the living embodiment of that idea which the word conveys. He incarnates in his own person the great Indian National ideal." Once on board a ship a white Christian missionary was speaking ill of India. The Swami tried hard to remove his wrong notions but in vain. Then the patriot in him rebelled and he burst out: "One word more and you are in mid-ocean." Thus he silenced the missionary. He could not tolerate any criticism of his country and his blood used to boil at the slightest taunt to India, her people or her culture.

Once Goodwin was glorifying the chivalry of the English soldiers. The Swami was at first indifferent, but when Goodwin went on singing their praises still, the Swami remonstrated mildly. Goodwin protested: "No, Swami, you are a great man, no doubt, but your countrymen do not know how to fight and how to govern themselves; we, the British people, are the best fighters and the best men to govern India." The Swami lost his patience and gave Goodwin a bit of his mind, the substance of his talk only need be mentioned here. The British people, he said, came as traders and merchants, and then taking advantage of the peaceful and spiritual nature of the Hindus, by diplomacy and exploitation, slowly occupied the country and became its rulers. The Empire was built by the sacrifices and heroism of the sepoys who won victories for which the handful of the English soldiers took the credit. The traditional wealth of India had now gone into other hands, but the time would come when, like the Romans, the conquerers will be ruled by the conquered.

At this warm attack, Goodwin was somewhat taken aback as he could not contradict facts of history. The Swami was no respector of persons. It was his habit to speak out most unpleasant truths without reservations. So Goodwin's murmuring dissent again only added fuel to the fire of the Swami's indignation, and he said: "The British are extending the empire out of greed for gold. Everywhere news of disorder and dissention is afloat. History repeats itself. The British Empire is sure to meet with the fate of the Roman Empire. It will crumble to pieces out of the sheer weight of its own organisation. The hypnotism which keeps the country under subjection will pass away soon and modern India will ere long be dehypnotised and disillusioned. No sooner they awaken and assert their birth-right than they will squeeze you out."

Then the Swami repeated a story of history. When there was a battle at the Afghan frontier the Indian Sepoys showed their heroism. A band of Afghans were climbing down a hilly precipice for fight with a Mollah beating a drum. They had flags in their hands. They were pushing forwards with swords, guns and the battle cry. Some native soldiers, on behalf of the British, shot dead the Afghan leader, the Mollah. Lest the drum beating should be stopped and the Afghans turn back out of fright, another Afghan took the place of the Mollah, Thus six Afghan leaders were killed by the gun shots of one Indian Sepoy, who also tore off the Afghan drums by gun-shot. The Indian Sepoy who won the battle was totally forgotten and instead a British soldier was awarded the Victoria Cross!

But, at the same time, the Swami was not blind to the bright side of British character. The Swami had a nature of rare combination. He could love and criticise in the same breath. He would not hesitate to expose the glaring defects of his dearest friend to his face, but behind him he would always emphasise the bright side of his character and defend him. He was neither a fault finder nor a flatterer, but as a spiritual teacher he knew how to appraise and denounce whenever necessary. He was always very hard on back-biters and very much appreciated out-spokenness. As for himself praise and blame were synonymous to him. He was an upholder of the merits of all, even of his enemies, and if he at all criticised the demerits of any one, it was only to goad him to get rid of the evils.

A great life is an abode of contradictions. The Swami used to say that we should see weakness in great men and strength in sinners. That is a real encouragement to a life of imperfections, for the great man is great in spite of his weaknesses. No human being is absolutely perfect. Human perfection is nothing but

preponderance of achievements over failures. The Swami then pointed out the greatness of English character, which is faithful devotion, loyalty, and sincerity to their nation as a whole. The English live and die for their country. In spite of their mutual differences, they are one in the name of the nation.

It is a trait of great men that they identify themselves with one idea for the time being to the seclusion of everything else. The great Swami was no exception. The dominant thought for the moment being patriotism, his stream of thoughts was centred on this. His patriotic impulse still continued. He was giving vent to his mind now and then and spoke as if he was talking to himself. "When Megasthenes came to India in the reign of Chandra Gupta, the Gupta emperor, he left records of India as it then was. According to him, the villages were a sort of tiny republics. The villages used to appoint a headman to look to their common interests. The people were so truthful and pious, simple and sincere, peaceful and happy that theft, robbery and the other criminal vices that prevail in modern society were then almost nil. Wherever the present foreign rule has not penetrated the people are still so to some extent at least. Wherever there is alien rule there is poverty, crime and what not, because the foreigners have exploited their natural resources and wealth, and denationalised them."

The Swami told Goodwin about the red treaty and white treaty of Lord Clive with Mirjafar and Umi Chand after the battle of Plassey which was the height of British diplomacy. The Swami also told him about an interesting talk he had with the English General in India. The General at first sight became a devoted friend of the Swami and said that the English were an insignificant and poor nation before India came into their possession. It was Indian wealth that had enriched them in all possible ways. The General frankly confessed to the Swami that though the British policy in India was to enable Indians to attain Self-Government, the occupation itself was misappropriation by right of might.

Goodwin respected the Swami as his Guru. One day Goodwin lost his purse in gambling. When the Swami heard this he taunted him saying: "It was wrong to christen you as Goodwin; you are Badwin," at which Goodwin jestingly retorted: "No, Swami, I am not Badwin but I am Good-win." Goodwin was a very serviceable disciple of the Swami and did not hesitate in the least to act even as a servitor to the Swami. There were times when Goodwin tied or untied his shoe-tapes, tighted buttons, carried his cap or walking stick, and performed many other duties of an attendant. Though Swami was a brown man he commanded respect from many white-men.

The Swami one day narrated to Goodwin, who did not know even the A. B. C. of Indian History, the story of King Chait Singh of Kashi. He told him how the Sepoys of Warren Hastings looted his kingdom and tortured his subjects who, terrified at the brutal tyranny, hurried to his palace and asked the King to abscond either on horse or elephant as otherwise Warren Hastings would kill him. When Warren Hastings actually went to Kashi, people fled away for fear of life like lambs pursued by a lion. Surprised at the strange sight, Warren Hastings asked why they did so. He was told that in his absence the Sepoys of the East India Company massacred and oppressed the people so inhumanly that they were afraid of the worst in his presence. The E. I. Company came as traders, but when they became rulers, they pillaged the Indians so brutally that the Indian Sepoys were enraged and the Sepoy Mutiny was the result. The Mutiny was crushed down by the might of the machine guns and the Governor of India was transferred finally from the hands of the E. I. Company to Parliament. Before the Mutiny, the E. I. Company's Court of Directors were all in all under the nominal supervision of Parliament. Readers may know something of this dark period of India from Burke's volumes of "Impeachment of Warren Hastings." Edmund Burke was very sympathetic to the Indians and his "Impeachment" should be perused by all young Indians. It is said that Burke received some Indian Brahmins very cordially in his house when they went to England to place their grievances before Parliament. Burke did signal service to India in those days.

The day the Swami had a talk on the Indian struggle with Goodwin he was so much moved and excited that he went to bed very late and spent a sleepless night; the next morning he got up rather late on this account. Goodwin had touched the most sensitive chord of his heart. He was restless as it pained him to the very core of his being. Even in America, amidst enormous wealth and wide celebrity, the Swami could not forget his country. As a guest of honour, he was once given by his host a bed-stead studded with jewels for sleep. He could not sleep on it. He was lying on the floor pining with agony with tearful eyes for his starving countrymen who cannot have a meal every day, whereas he was living in splendour. Just before his depature from the Western world for India, he was asked how he would like his Motherland after a prolonged sojourn in the Occident. He at once replied: The very dust of the sacred land is holy to me."

In the early days of the English in India Indians helped them greatly. The English came first to Madras. In those days they had frequent clashes of interests with the French who were then a highly civilised and very powerful nation. When the French

attacked the Fort of Arcot of the English, the English had to suffer a lot for want of food-stuffs. Either they must starve or surrender to the French, there were no other alternative. The Hindu Sepoys were so great and noble that in their time of danger they subsisted on rice-water, offering rice to the English soldiers and thus saved the situation. Indians showed their magnanimity even in the face of death but the English forgot all that when they came to power.

The Swami remained excited for days together on this point.

One day he was talking with Swami Saradananda, his co-disciple and co-worker, on the Indian National Congress and its demands. He did not favour the idea that Congressmen should shout for rights and petition for redress. Petition theory, he held, was always a failure in the National history of all countries. The foreign policy of Indian leaders should be strong propaganda to make known to the four corners of the globe, India's glorious past and her pitiable present owing to foreign rule and to show that a greater future could be worked out only with the country's political and economic freedom. He was of opinion that Indian culture should be broadcasted to the civilised world, as that was the need of the hour. "Every nation will have to work out its own salvation. The Congress must be bold and rule out the mendicant policy. No nation can liberate another unless the nation itself wills. Let the Congress declare independence and send a charter of the declaration to all national Governments. If in doing so the bullet comes let it fall on my breast. I am ready to sacrifice my life for my country. If the bullet kills me, all my friends, admirers and disciples in Europe and America will rise up and take up my unfinished task. In every country of the West I have hundreds of followers and friends. My blood will create a commotion in the world. I have roused to some extent the interest of the cultural world in India."

The idol of the Swami's heart was his Motherland. He loved his country so much that whenever any friends of his in the West asked him what he could do for him, he invariably told them: LOVE INDIA. Will the young Indians follow the footsteps of the Swami and carry, Vivekananda-like, India's mission to the nation?

Book Reviews.

The Rural Com..unity and the School. The message of Negro and other Schools for India. By G. S. Krishnayya, M.A., Ph. D., Association Press, Russel Street, Calcutta. XXIV, 161 pp. Price cloth Rs. 2, paper Re. 1—4—0.

Here in India Rural Education has not received the attention that it deserv s. We have yet to know what rapid strides it has taken in the west. In these circumstances a book of this kind, dealing in the main with several aspects of rural education, is specially welcome. We stand to gain much even by a casual perusal of the book. Elementary education in India has little affinity with life or environments. That the *school* and the *community* are one has not been sufficiently grasped, much less realised in practice. The present study discusses the community aspects of the rural school and the possibility of linking it with life. The suggestions made are thought-provoking to a degree.

A large part of the book is devoted to the review of the conditions obtaining in three typical institutions of America, viz., *The Penn School, Berry School, and Ne ro Extension Service.* They offer the necessary inducements and suggestions for reorganising the schools of India. To show how far they are practicable in the peculiar conditions obtaining in India, the author has prepared an able treatise in his *Back-ground.* The most telling part of the book is its *Message* for the rural school and kindred educational endeavours. It is a message to engender "love for the unlovely, the lowly and the lost". May this message find its due fulfilment!

The Reconstruction of the Curriculam of the Elementary Schools of India. By T. N. Jacob, M. A., L. T., Ph. D., Professor of Education in the University of Mysore. Associated Press, Y. M. C. A., 5 Russel Street, Calcutta. Pp. 206, Price Re. 1—4—0.

The present treatise seeks to apply a new principle of education to the curricular activities of the Elementary Schools of India. It also explains how such schools may be brought more in accord with the living environment.

Education, in its true sense, is an imbibing of life experiences. Its legitimate aim is to create and sustain a right attitude towards life. This ideal is far from realised in India. The existing system in India is not only one-sided, but inadequate. It does not meet the needs of children. The teaching is not scientific, nor is the teacher enabled to rely on sound equipments. An educational reconstruction is, therefore, an imperative necessity.

Dr. Jacob offers ways and means of reorganising the Elementary School Curriculum on the basis of typical *Life Projects.* In other words, he wants to introduce the Project Method in our schools. Part I of the book reviews the old curriculum. It is done with thoroughness. Part II deals with the Objectives and Method of the new curriculum, which lead on to the description and application of the typical projects, viz, *The Playhouse or Home, Gardening, A Village Store in the School, and Transportation.* to Grades I, II, III and IV respectively. There is also appended a schedule of instructions to teachers.

It is all well and good that a very useful suggestion has been made. How far the Project method is workable under the peculiar Indian conditions, Dr. Jacob has not shown. He alludes in his preface to some slight awakenings and a few definite undertakings in some parts of India; but much more than this is expected of the enthusiast who seeks to fit the Project Method into the educational fabric of our country. Further, the author wishes to introduce sweeping changes in the curriculum. It is tantamount to finding nothing good in the old. Few may be prepared to welcome the cataclysmic change, though a reorientation of the curriculum in the light of the new suggestions may be found necessary.

With all that, the author has to be congratulated on the excellent way in which he has expounded his principle. The thesis prepared by him is sufficiently lucid and inspiring and sheds a new light on educational achievements.

N. G. S.

A **Course in Indian Civics** By Gulshan Rai Bhatnagar, B.A., LL B., Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Price Re. 1--12—0.

This book gives in a short compass an account of the system of British administration in India. Beginning from the lowest unit of administration, the village, the author treats about the local self-governing institutions. Provincial Governments, and finally with the Central Government and its relationship with the Government in Great Britain. Without encumbering the account with details, and with great discrimination, the author briefly but clearly traces the history of each institution, sufficient to have a general knowledge of its genesis, growth and development. We have not come across another book of this kind which, though brief, is so clear and so full of facts. The work is outlined with special reference to the conditions obtaining in the Punjab, especially those with regard to village administration with the special object of meeting the needs of the Punjab Intermediate students. But none the less the book will, as the author hopes, suit the requirements of students of civics in other Indian provinces as well.

Veera Ravi Varma Chakravarthi (A drama in Malayalam). By Kongot Krishnan Nair. Printed at the Norman Printing Bureau, Calicut.

In the introduction to the book the author most appropriately and correctly states that the merits of a dramatic work do not depend on whether the author adopts the English, Sanskrit, Bengali or Hindi mode of dramatic composition. A dramatist may adopt any mode and he is bound to be successful if only he constructs an interesting plot, writes a good conversational style and creates attractive dramatic personalities. Applying these tests to the work on hand, we are afraid that the attempt at dramatisation is a failure. The plot, though simple, is hardly one that can be utilised to create any scenic effect. A Kerala prince requests the hand of the daughter of a junior Pandya prince, which the latter refuses. A fight ensues and the princess is won. It would have been better if the author had attempted to write a romance with this material. The author writes short sentences in simple style, but there are too many slang and outlandish expressions often verging on the vulgar. Much thought also does not seem to have been bestowed on the *dramatis personal* and there is nothing noteworthy or attractive about any of them.

M. S. K.

The Practice of Homeopathy by Dayaram Gidumal. Re. 1-4-0.

I very warmly felicitate the author of the book upon the production by him of a work of first-rate importance, and hope he will follow it up by a work of a more extensive character. For myself, with my strong, life-shaping convictions about the value of Homoeopathy, the reading of the book from cover to cover was a matter of absorbing interest. When I came upon an incident related of Napoleon on page 101 of the book and of the warrior-statesman's plans "to have *it* (Homoeopathy) taught in all the medical schools of his kingdom," my thoughts ran to a great living personage of our land, with unrivalled hold on the hearts of his people, whose innate mistrust of medical science, but too warm faith in the law of natural cure, have, by an irony of fate, kept him away from the wonders of the medical art, and have consequently delayed the popularisation of the healing art as is taught in Homoeopathy.

Whatever is characteristic of Homoeopathy, and whatever distinguishes it from other systems of treatment, has been set out by the author with force, precision and great terseness of expression. The author's arguments in favour of the system are supported by quotation of appropriate passages from the classical writings of eminent Homoeopathic physicians, chief of whom is Dr. James Taylor Lent of America, and also of apt passages from standard writings of eminent men of the Allopathic school. Dr. Kent is to Homeoopathy what Sankaracharya is to Hindu Vedantic thought; while Hahnemann, the great originator and founder of Homoeopathy, may be called the Veda Vyasa of Homoeopathy, who discovered medical truth, and by showing it to be of the same stuff as the truth of life, linked it with the latter.

The theories of the potentisation of drugs of the minimum dose, the perfect similimum and the individualisation of remedies to be chosen for treatment, have been stated with remarkable effect by the author, and appropriate allusions to certain magical cures effected by the leading physicians of the Homeopathic school serve to light up what is apparently mystical and obscure in the Homoeopathic doctrine.

The author will pardon me for not drawing pointed attention to one of the fundamental excellences of Homoeopathy, namely, that a good many cases considered incurable without surgery in Allopathy, are very quietly dealt with to the comfort of the sufferer, and absolutely healed by the internal consumption of Homoeopathic medicines alone.

The author may profitably have drawn attention to the *heavenly palatability* of the Homoeopathic remedies which makes them so warmly acceptable to all persons from the child just out of the mother's womb to the oldest person waiting for the end of his life.

I consider the last chapter relating to the standard works of reference and study in Homoeopathic literature a very excellently written one; the interested student of Homoeopathy who wants to extend the bounds of his knowledge of the science and to attain real mastery of his subject gets an adequate idea of the class of books he should take up for study.

The chapter relating to the *provings* of Drugs, must considerably interest all those who love the medical art and to physicians of rival schcols, it must appear as very curious and entertaining.

For all the wonderfnl cures to the credit of Homoeopathy, it has not a fraction of the vogue and popularity, which by dint of sheer merit it ought to have in the world. I venture to express the hope that when Socialistic forms of Government become universal, one of the triumps of proletariat rule will be the universal spread of Homeopathy.

P. V. A.

Dr. Besant: A Tribute.

By N. R. Deobhankar.

[*Here is a small tribute to the memory of one of the greatest makers of Modern India—greatest in the sense that she has left behind many young men who feel their life ennobled in having had the privilege of serving under her in different capacities. That way two of the Editors of The Scholar are indebted to her, and ever since its inception, this magazine has had reason to remember her always and mourn her loss for all the little services it has received from many of her assistants and followers who had worked with her so loyally in* ***New India*** *and outside. A fuller account of her life with a photograph, not as she was in her last days, but as she was in the most active period of her strenuous life when trains and steamers were too slow for her, appears elsewhere in this issue—Editor.*]

A Great star has set on the world's firmament. Annie Besant has passed away. Eighty six years make a long stretch of time, but counted from 1847 to 1933 they seem to cover thrice their normal span. The world has gone speed-crazy during that period, and events have marched faster than the fastest invention.

We of to-day scarcely realise the greatness that was already hers when Annie Besant touched the Indian soil. She had stormed the House of Commons with Charles Bradlaugh; led the match-girls' strike with Herbert Burroughs: defied Church coercion at a cruel cost and had, in short, raised a tempest in the Victorian era.

To few persons has it been given to witness so much of History—and to fewer still a share in the making of it—as can be counted to Dr. Besant's credit—History that records the redistribution of the globe, the fall of dogmas and the conquest of nature.

Her life has been stamped all over with an unflinching search for Truth, a boundless sympathy for the oppressed and a heroic endurance of suffering in a righteous cause. Add to this a magnetic personality and a marvellous eloquence, and we have the secret of her holding the centre of the world's stage for well over half a century.

The world will remember Dr. Besant as much, perhaps, for her championship of forlorn causes as for her testimony about

the survival of personality, the projection of consciousness through time and space and the existence of Perfect Beings.

To us in India, however, she was above everything else the Mother of Youths and the Guardian Angel of the Nation. When Gandhiji doubted our fitness for Swaraj and Motilal swore by British fair-play, it was she, the "impatient idealist," who consolidated the forces of nationalism and rallied the country under the banner of Home Rule.

Others there were who fought by her side and carried the the banner further when she was stricken with age; but none has surpassed her in genius for organisation, in tenacity of purpose or in love of the Motherland.

How would Dr. Besant have met the present crisis, had she been fifteen years younger? To do justice to this idle yet, perhaps an excusable speculation, let us consider the significance of her slogan about "Bardolising India"—of her cable to Sardar Vallabhai, reaffirming her allegiance to the Congress when that body was almost outlawed. Let us recall that her difference with Gandhiji over the Rowlatt agitation was mainly confined to individual as opposed to mass civil resistance. Considering the implication ot these facts and remembering her proud sensitiveness to India's honour, her utter indifference to frown or favour from any quarter in a matter of conscience, are we not driven to the conclusion that "had she been fifteen years younger," Dr. Besant would never have taken the Ordinances lying down, like the Liberals with whom she was forced to make a tactical alliance?

Would victory have been hers in that case--or would she have in the eyes of the Moderates, been merely an accomplice of Gandhiji in "landing the country into a ditch?" In the first place, let us be clear that: *Freedom's battle, tho' often lost is ever won.* Secondly, there are souls to whom success is an irrelevent factor. When individuals like Dr. Besant or Gandhiji fight, they do so because they must stand up for right against might. The fruit of action is not their concern. A strange attitude? Yes—but can we admire it in the *Gita* and condemn it outside?

However, instead of being younger at this crisis, Dr. Besant was, alas, more dead than alive these last three years. Let us draw a reverent veil over this tragedy of her martyred life and let us rejoice that through death she has joined the ranks of the great immortals.

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